Reflections of an Ex-Priest *John J. McMannon*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — June 7, 1969, 40 cents

Blocking The ABM

Edmund S. Muskie

Germs and Gas —*Seymour M. Hersh*
US Bases in Korea —*Alex Campbell*

Charles Thomas Samuels on "Mr. Bridge"
Joseph Epstein on E. E. Cummings
Herbert Gans on Jane Jacobs
Stanley Kauffmann on "Midnight Cowboy"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO'S Vacation Clearance SALE

BOOKS PRINTS POSTERS

Orig. $6.75 now at low as $1.00
Orig. $11.95 now as low as $1.98
Orig. $15.00 now as low as $2.77

PRICES SLASHED

Order now and save up to 85%

7175. THE IRISH REPUBLIC. By Dorothy Macardle; Preface by Eamon de Valera. First complete, consecutive history of the struggle that started Easter Monday, 1916 through the Republican defeat and 1923 cease fire; covers early Irish resistance, Home Rule efforts, Sinn Fein beginnings, the politics of both sides. 1,045 pp; notes, index & bibliog. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **2.98**

7167. APOLLINAIRE: Poet Among The Painters. By Francis Steegmuller. Lively, colorful biography of the famed French poet, inventor of the term "surrealism," suspected thief of the Mona Lisa, author of *Alcools* & *Calligrammes*, Montmartre & St-Germain "mystificateur," and victim of WW I at age 38, just two days before the Armistice. 28 illus. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

7064. THOMAS WOLFE: A Biography. By Andrew Turnbull. Definitive biography of the towering American novelist; probes deeply into hitherto unknown facts concerning his violent rebellion, meteoric rise to fame, tragic affair with Aline Bernstein, relations with his mentor Maxwell Perkins, and early, tragic death. Photos. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

7072. MAN & HIS SYMBOLS. By Carl Jung, Jolande Jacobi, et al. The meaning of dreams, of the dream-symbols common to all mankind, and of the communications these symbols carry individually to each person; the world-famous Swiss psychologist's last great work, in which he and his closest associates explore the life of the unconscious for the general reader. *Over 500 Illus, 146 Full Color*; 8¼" x 11". *Orig. $14.95.* *New complete edition* **5.95**

7015. DRAKE'S VOYAGES. By K. R. Andrews. Both biography and analysis of the rise of English sea power, seen from the vantage point of the most famous sailor of the age, Captain Sir Francis Drake, pirate, global circumnavigator, hero of Cadiz. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.49**

7005. THE NEW WORLD: The First Pictures of America. Ed. by Stefan Lorant. Extraordinary work conveying the clear freshness of the New World through eyewitness accounts and period illustrations of the early Virginia and Florida colonies (1562-1590), and the Indian tribes of the areas. 166 illus, 65 full color; 9¼" x 12¼". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **9.95**

6961. Trilogy—VAN WYCK BROOKS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Intro by Malcolm Cowley. Superb autobiography and portrait of 20th century literary America; contains "Scenes & Portraits," "Days Of The Phoenix" & "From The Shadow Of The Mountain"—with portraits of Dreiser, Dos Passos, Mencken, Frost, Steinbeck, Berenson, many more. 667 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now Only* **2.98**

7171. Norman Podhoretz's DOINGS & UNDOINGS: The 50's & After in American Writing. Informed critique, dissent and enthusiasm infuse these critical essays on: Faulkner, Edmund Wilson, O'Hara, McCarthy, Mailer, Bellow, Roth, Updike, the New Nihilism, Jewish Culture and the Intellectuals, more. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7162. Selected Works Of DJUNA BARNES. First Djuna Barnes collection; includes *Spillway*, a deservedly famous collection of nine short stories, *The Antiphon*, her verse play, revised and corrected, and the superb novel-masterpiece, *Nightwood*. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Now Only* **1.98**

7050. Alan Moorehead's THE MARCH TO TUNIS: North African War 1940-43. By the author of *Gallipoli* & *The White Nile*. Brilliant, first-hand reportage of every aspect of the desert war: the heroic Rats of Tobruk, El Alamein, Rommel's "undefeatable" Afrika Korps, US landings, Kasserine Pass, portraits of Auchinleck, Montgomery, Ike, Rommel, much more. 65 photos, maps; 592 pp. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

7044. THE AMERICAN VISION: Paintings 1825-1875. P.E.A. 1968 exhibition. Thoroughly representative exhibition of American 19th century painting, in 111 REPRODUCTIONS, 4 Full Color TipIns: works by Peale, Catlin, Hicks, Whistler, Eakins, Church, Homer, more. Softbound; 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

6995. BAROQUE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse. Magnificently illustrated survey of Baroque architecture and architectural decor throughout Europe —264 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK present Versailles, the Invalides, Pantheon, Hotel Lambert, Rome's Palazzo Barberini, Scala Regia, Piazza di Spagna, St. John Lateran, Salzburg Cathedral, Sanssouci, Madrid Royal Palace, more. *Pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **7.95**

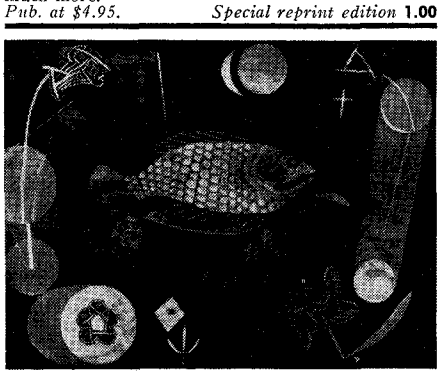
6955. THE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS & ROMANS. By Carl Kerenyi. Impressive, readable literary and visual study of Greek and Roman religion; considers the whole philological, literary and psychological background, and isolates the "styles" which gave reality and identity to the ancient religions. 124 plates on coated stock. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **3.98**

6954. THE RAGGED, RUGGED WARRIORS. By Martin Caidin. The truly heroic story of the early air war against Japan in the China-Burma-India Theater and the Pacific from the very beginning of the Sino-Japanese War to Chenault's Flying Tigers, the Australia-New Guinea 22nd Bomb Group, to the Battle of Midway. 79 illus. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Now Only* **1.98**

6951. LAWRENCE DURRELL & HENRY MILLER: A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. Ed. by G. Wickes. An unrestrainedly exuberant 25-year personal correspondence between two of this century's great writers: simple notes of friendship, masterpieces of evocative writing, all spontaneous, unpolished, and unbowdlerized. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Special* **1.98**

6871. PHOTOGRAPHY YEAR BOOK 1968. Ed. by Sanders & Gee. Photography in 1968, the Concorde, Op-Art-Nude, GI's in Germany, High Fashion, Int'l Photography by top artists; much more. *211 photos, 17 full color*; technical data & notes. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Now Only* **2.98**

6808. Ernest Hemingway: A MOVEABLE FEAST. Generous legacy of sketches from Hemingway's life in Paris during the 1920's; magic evocations of a stroll along the Seine, a visit with Sylvia Beach, with Gertrude Stein, conversations and days with Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald, and much more. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Special reprint edition* **1.00**



P967. Klee: AROUND THE FISH. Delightful Klee still life; Museum of Modern Art collotype in dark hues of blue, deep red, green, black. 25" x 18¼" image area on heavy art stock. *Only* **5.95**

3912. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS. Ed. by D. D. Runes and H. G. Schrickel. 1064-page compendium of all the arts of all times and places, presented by more than 100 leading authorities. Thousands of definitions of terms and techniques, plus informative biographical and historical summaries. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.77**

1353. A Pictorial Treasury—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition exquisitely illustrated in full color by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper. Beautifully bound. 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

7169. Susan Sontag's DEATH KIT. Dalton ("Diddy") Harron, 33, divorced Manhattanite and p.r. exec confronts death every day, because he has killed (?) a man, because he is helpless, loveless, suicidal, his own walking death kit searching for an end—which he finds (?) in a universal vision. *Pub. at $5.75.* *Very Special* **1.00**

7155. LORD READING: The Life of Rufus Isaacs, First Marquess of Reading. By H. Montgomery Hyde Vivid biography of the first commoner since the Duke of Wellington to become a Marquess, the first Jew in England to rise from advocate and MP to the posts of Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador to the US, and Viceroy of India. 21 illus. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7104. FODOR GUIDE TO SPAIN 1968. Excellent travel guide to every part of the country from "castles in Spain" to the lovely Costa Brava; full info on hotels, restaurants, entertainment, shopping, historic sights, more. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7086. THE GRAPHIC WORK OF FELICIEN ROPS. Superb collection of graphics by the Belgian erotic fantasist, Felicien Rops, whose work charmed and shocked during *la belle epoque*—247 REPRODUCTIONS, each of which anticipates and surpasses Beardsley in power, in vividness, in irony and satire, and perhaps in decadence; Notes of Rops' life by Lee Revens. 9½" x 13". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **12.95**

7041. Samuel Haskins: AFRICAN IMAGE. One of the world's most brilliant photographers with a pictorial survey of native African art in its relation to its creators and their culture—OVER 150 PHOTOGRAPHS—a joyfully exuberant African portrait moving from wooden images to human character studies, from coast to Congo. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $12.95.* *Now Only* **6.88**

7040. Samuel Haskins: NOVEMBER GIRL. Superb treatment of the female nude by one of the world's most creative camera technicians—MORE THAN 100 PHOTOS mingle realism with fantasy in a poignant depiction of a lovely girl's hopeless hoping for the man who will never come. 10½" x 13¾". *Pub. at $9.95.* *Now Only* **5.88**

6994. RENAISSANCE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse. Beautifully illustrated survey of Renaissance architecture and architectural decor throughout Italy, and its "garbled" forms in the rest of Europe—180 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK present Chambord, St. Peter's in Rome, Medici Mausoleum, Venice's Il Redentore, Florence's Uffizi Palace, Fontainebleau, more. *Pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **7.95**

6948. LODESTONE & EVENING STAR: The Epic Voyages of Discovery 1493 BC to 1896 AD. By Ian Cameron. Impressive and highly enjoyable unfolding of exploration by sea from the ancient Egyptians to the 20th century: the Phoenecian circumnavigation of Africa, Rome to Malabar, pre-Columbus voyages to the New World, Magellan, Cook, Ross, more. 59 illus, 8 full color. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Now Only* **1.98**

6893. CHALIAPIN: An Autobiography as told to MAXIM GORKY. The enthralling career of the world's most celebrated Russian basso from his choirboy start to his famous "Met" roles of Boris, Ivan the Terrible, Prince Igor, Mephistopheles, told largely against the background of the Russian Revolution; with supplementary correspondence & notes. 90 illus. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.95**

P968. Picasso: LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON. One of Picasso's most famous cubist works; printed in superb gravure by the Museum of Modern Art; warm flesh tones, ice gray, blue, terra cotta. 22" x 23" image area on heavy art stock. *Only* **7.49**

6786. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Sir Thomas Mallory; Introduction by Robert Graves; modern English translation by Keith Baines. Handsome edition of the 15th century classic account of King Arthur, Guinevere, Morgan le Fey, Merlin, Tristan and Isolde, and the Knights of the Round Table. *Orig. $6.00.* *New complete edition* **2.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & Intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's *magnum opus*, a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

4181. ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. By Stewart Perowne. The immensely readable tales of the Roman gods and goddesses: Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Diana, Hercules, Vesta, Cupid, many others—143 GRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS, 27 FULL COLOR—with accounts of the Stoics, Mithraism, coming of Christianity, more. 8¾" x 11¼". *Special Import* **2.98**

6183. THE WORLD OF THE EARLY HUNTERS: Medicine-Men, Shamans & Artists. By Andreas Lommel. Richly detailed study of the shaman in early nomadic society drawing extensively on Northern Asian & American material; development & nature of the shaman, the shaman's psychic rebirth, his magic and journeys into the beyond, the shaman as the artistically creative man, more. 95 photos & drawings, 15 Full Color; 8¾" x 10½". *Pub. at $10.50.* *Now Only* **4.98**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7093. FODOR GUIDE TO BRITAIN & IRELAND 1968. Handy vacation guide with full details of what to see for those who stick to the b g cities *and* for those intriguing country side-trips; info on guided tours, shopping, hotels, restaurants, museums, much more. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

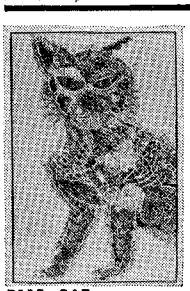
7085. THE NOBLEST CRY: A History of the American Civil Liberties Union. By C. L. Markmann. 45-year history of the ACLU, a frank and often caustic account of the Union's battle to secure the full measure of Bill of Rights liberties for *every citizen* in the face of wiretaps, illegal search & seizure, religious bigotry, police malpractice, censorship, "security" oaths, and discrimination in all its aspects. 464 pp. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Special* **1.98**

7034. Leon Trotsky's STALIN. Revealing biography by Stalin's most notable political opponent and victim; reveals Stalin's personal characteristics, political methods and maneuverings from Georgia school days to dictatorial powers, plus overall account of Party affairs inside and outside the USSR. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Now Only* **3.98**

7017. SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. By David Green. Definitive life of Sarah, wife to John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough, and for many years principal confidante and advisor to Queen Anne, whose long, exciting life knew favor and disfavor, eminence and exile, and every personage of the British Empire. *35 period illus.* *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6993. ROMANESQUE EUROPE. Ed. by Busch & Lohse; 2nd Ed. Superbly illustrated survey of Romanesque, or Norman, architecture throughout Europe—224 PHOTOGRAPHS ON COATED STOCK presenting the finest examples of the style: Worms, Speyer, Gloucester, Durham Cathedrals, Fontevrault, Aigues-Mortes, Dover Castle, many others. *Pub. at $14.95.* *Only* **7.95**

6891. LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE: 3 Volumes Boxed. Ed. by Stuart Gilbert & Richard Ellmann. The collected correspondence (more than 1500 letters) of James Joyce, author of *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*, displaying in great variety Joyce's courage, confidence, and cool persistence during a lifetime that altered the direction of literature in English. Over 1,500 pp; 116 illus; indexed. *Pub. at $35.00.* *3 Vols, Boxed, Only* **10.95**



P115. CAT. "Acid" cat in flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background. 20¼" x 30". *Only* **1.98**

P117. PINK LADY. Contemporary re-rendering of the famed Mucha illustration in dayglo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼". *Only* **1.98**

6744. PICTORIAL HISTORY OF PSYCHOLOGY & PSYCHIATRY. By Roback & Kiernan. Illuminating picture-&-text history of the psychological sciences from the Greek philosophers to the present—NEARLY 400 ILLUSTRATIONS—covers all schools and specialized branches from animal to educational and abnormal. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**

6745. NEW LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY. Ed. by F. Guirand; Intro by Robert Graves; revised edition 1968. Monumental encyclopedia of the world's mythologies from pre-Biblical Egypt and pre-Homeric Greece to the farthest reaches of Africa, the Orient, the Pacific, and the Americas—NEARLY 600 ILLUSTRATIONS IN GRAVURE, 32 FULL COLOR PLATES. 489 dbl-column pp; 8½" x 11¾". *Pub. at $17.95.* *Special* **9.95**

6722. Vladimir Nabokov: SPEAK, MEMORY—An Autobiography Revisited. Unique, engaging picture of the cultured, eccentric Nabokov family, of adolescent awakenings, flight from Bolshevik terror, education in England, emigre life in Paris and Berlin—a moving, nostalgic account of a vanished world recalled in Nabokov's inimitable style. 18 photos. *Pub. at $6.75.* *Special Reprint Edition* **1.00**

6470. Antietam: THE GLEAM OF BAYONETS. By J. V. Murfin. Comprehensive study of the Battle of Antietam and Lee's 1862 Maryland campaign; covers all the factors, events, and personalities; incl. many firsthand accounts. Illus. *Orig. Pub. at $12.00.* *Now Only* **2.98**

6145. CHRONOLOGY OF THE MODERN WORLD. Compiled by N. Williams. Comprehensive dictionary of significant dates from January 1763 to December 1965; two centuries of historical events, politics, science & technology, the arts, economics, literature, music, law, theatre & film, births & deaths, religion, sports, education, discovery, statistics. 923 pp; indexed. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Now Only* **2.98**

7717. Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY. The complete *Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry* and *Legends of Charlemagne* in one volume—all the traditional tales of adventure, romance and chivalry from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from classical to medieval times. 679 pp., index. *Special import* **1.98**

7052. MOUNT ATHOS. By John Cooper, Viscount Norwich & Reresby Sitwell. Rare, stimulating portrait of Mount Athos' 20 "Ruling Monasteries," where no woman, child or eunuch is admitted, and of their dependent communities from small villages to the anchorites' precarious cliff dwellings; recounts a history of the peninsula and a fast-disappearing way of life. *63 superb photos, 34 full color;* 8½" x 11¼". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Special* **5.95**

7108. FODOR GUIDE TO EUROPE 1968: 34 Countries. Complete travel coverage for 34 countries from Portugal to the Soviet Union, Iceland to Cyprus by every means of transportation: all the tips and hints you need for an excitingly successful, fun-filled vacation. Over 900 pp; photos & maps. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Special* **1.98**

7016. PORTS OF CALL: The Great Colonial Seaports. By R. Carse. Absorbing account of the origins and early history of America's great seaports through the War of 1812: Castine, Portsmouth, Boston, Salem, New York, Charleston, New Orleans, and others all ringing with the sounds and men of America's first maritime age. *Over 50 period illus.* *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **3.98**

HAROLD MACMILLAN MEMOIRS

7049. WINDS OF CHANGE 1914-1939. Rich, fascinating portrait of the vicissitudes of British life from Queen Victoria's Jubilee through WW I, which saw Macmillan in action at Loos, Ypres, and at the Somme, then the darkening thirties in Parliament with Lloyd George, Churchill & Eden—and Munich. 584 pp; 25 photos. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Very Special* **1.98**

7048. THE BLAST OF WAR 1939-1945. Personal, remarkably fresh account of how WW II was fought and won on the political front, with Macmillan front-and-center as Churchill's deputy with FDR, Ike, de Gaulle, Alexander, Tito, in Casablanca, Algiers, Italy, Greece and London. 623 pp; 25 photos. *Pub. at $11.95.* *Very Special* **1.98**

6984. HITLER'S LAST GAMBLE: The Battle of the Bulge. By J. Nobecourt. Fast-moving analysis of Germany's last spectacular, convulsive effort of WW II: the advance of the German columns, crucial siege of isolated Bastogne, feats of the German paratroops, acrimony between Patton and Montgomery, more. 28 photos. *Pub. at $8.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6882. CELTIC FOLK & FAIRY TALES. Ed. by Eric & Nancy Protter. Fast-paced potpourri of fables from Wales, Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides & Brittany; 25 tales incl. stories of Finn McCool, Cuchulain, Angus of the Bruff, of leprechauns, Sheehogues, more. Many drawings. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6685. THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. By Randolph Marcy. Famous 1859 classic guidebook for wagon-train travelers making the arduous overland passage to the West Coast: trails, landmarks, waterholes, best foods, clothes, wagons, tools, more. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.98**

6651. COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. Preface by the author. Wonderful collection containing "Flowering Judas," "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," "The Leaning Tower," and four additional stories—in all, 27 stories by one of America's finest short story writers. 495 pp. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Special* **1.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700 pp., hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

4182. SOUTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY. By H. Osborne. Nearly 3000 years of Incan and Andean culture and mythology WITH 143 GRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS, 23 FULL COLOR; investigates the divine origin of the Inca, myths of the Collao, beliefs of the Coastal, Marginal, Forest and Southern Andean Peoples, the Jaguar cults, El Dorado, more. 8¼" x 11¼". *Special Import* **2.98**

7100. FODOR GUIDE TO ITALY 1968. From the "tip of the boot" to the Alps, with all the beauty of Naples, Rome, Florence, Padua, Venice and Milan in between (and with all that you need a guide!); full travel and tour info: hotels, restaurants, flea markets for every budget, much more. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7073. STEICHEN: A LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHY. By Edward Steichen. Steichen's own choice of 234 memorable photographs, the dramatic summation of his 69 years in the world of photography and a breathtaking gallery of personalities, still lifes, war pictures, theatre scenes, more. *234 photos in the finest* b/w gravure, duotone & full color; 10" x 11½". *Orig. $19.50.* *New complete edition* **9.95**

P116. EARTHQUAKE. Graphic artist's impression of the disastrous 1969 California earthquake; in fine line with browns & yellows. 22" x 24¼" image area. *Only* **1.98**

P993. "ASK NOT . . ." JFK & RFK in a superb photo-lithograph; on heavy board with special hanging device for floating gallery effect. 12" x 18". *Only* **3.98**

6975. TRANCES. By Stewart Wavell, Nina Epton & Dr. Audrey Butt. First-hand reports of authentic trances, and trance-inducing methods, among the Akawaio Amazon Indians, Malay tiger shamans, Sufi mystics, Balinese kris dancers, Algerian religious brotherhoods, Japanese sects, other groups. 36 photos, 16 full color. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

7094. FODOR GUIDE TO FRANCE 1968. Explore historic Paris by day, Gay Paree by night, and some of the world's most beautiful sights throughout all of France from Rouen to Monaco; all the info necessary for a carefree vacation by car, plane or train. Photos & maps. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6879. THE MAPLESON MEMOIRS: The Career of an Operatic Impresario—1858-1888. Ed. by Herbert Rosenthal. Intriguing, delightful memoirs from the days when divas commanded their haughty ways before enraptured continents; by "Colonel" Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's and Drury Lane theatres in the day of Patti & Tietjens. 35 period photos. *Pub. at $8.95.* *Special* **2.98**

4785. LENINGRAD: History-Art-Architecture. By Nigel Gosling. Gloriously illustrated panorama of the hereditary capital of the Tsars—250 PHOTOS & ART REPRODUCTIONS, 69 IN FULL COLOR—River Neva, Winter Palace, Peter & Paul Cathedral, Hermitage, Finland Station, ballet, stage, music, culture, more. 9¾" x 12½". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Extra Special* **7.88**

4040. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbological studies, *with the essential, unvarying* meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic. 81 illus. *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

4171. THE WORKS OF LEWIS CARROLL. Intro. by R. L. Green. Marvelous Carroll anthology—includes the "Alice" books with the *92 original Tenniel illustrations*, the two *Sylvie and Bruno* stories, *The Hunting of the Snark*, the *complete* short stories, and essays on such subjects as theatre, math, vivisection, plus poems, puzzles, games, letters, more. 1,130 pp. *Special Import* **1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. NR-173, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me the bargains circled below. **(Please add 50c postage and handling on all orders.) MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.**

☐ Ship C.O.D.* ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my ☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ First Nat'l City Charge Card
(check one) ☐ Diners Club ☐ Uni-Card
} Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

& write in your account #_____ the amount of $_____

1353 1463 3912 4040 4171 4181 4182 4667 4785 6145 6183 6293 6470 6651
6685 6722 6744 6745 6786 6808 6871 6879 6882 6886 6891 6893 6941 6948
6951 6954 6955 6961 6975 6984 6993 6994 6995 7005 7015 7016 7017 7034
7040 7041 7044 7048 7049 7050 7052 7064 7072 7073 7085 7086 7093 7094
7100 7104 7108 7155 7162 7167 7169 7171 7175 7717
P115 P116 P117 P967 P968 P993

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ **Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular.** New York City residents add 6% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Same sale bargains at all Marboro Book Shops.

10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $10, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. 1244 19th St., N.W, Washington, D C. 20036. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington

Wired for Sound

Something is wrong with the vending machine. The light in the upper tier of the 20 little windows keeps flashing like a short-circuit. The sticker says "Sales of Cigarettes to Minors are Forbidden." Below it says, "We support the law. Parents are asked to help prevent violations. (signed) The Management." In this case the management is the White House, which has thoughtfully provided the press suite in the Executive Wing with all the necessaries of life.

The tormented machine could be trying to say something. Is it Morse code for "cigarettes may be hazardous"? No, the rhythm is too quick: two shorts and a long. As we ponder the mystery we are called to the Roosevelt Room (née Fish Room) where New York's Mayor Lindsay, chaperoned by White House urbanologist Pat Moynihan, is denouncing the welfare system. Lindsay is in bad trouble in the upcoming election and is getting a little helpful White House exposure. What a contrast they are: Lindsay is a crisp, Jack Kennedy-Hollywood type; what we call clean-cut; first-rate clothes. He is sharp and lean and handsome. Moynihan is wearing a peculiar double-breasted, faintly nautical blue coat with four faded pearl buttons; his surprised eyebrows are arched like croquet wickets; he has apple cheeks, a little button of a mouth, and a slight lisp.

They alternate before the two-microphone lectern, Moynihan hands in pockets and a wayward lock hanging over right temple like a child's shoestring. They are quietly but frantically saying the same thing: present welfare is chaotic and collapsing: something must be done. . . . But elsewhere in the White House we learn nothing will be done till the ABM fight is over.

(TRB, incidently, has been making a private survey of the length of men's enlarging sideburns: Lindsay and Moynihan favor the same elegant Edwardian length to the middle ear-lobe, but Moynihan has an added entry – hair an extra inch long behind.)

Let us move to another extraordinary Washington scene. Mendel Rivers, Celestial Satrap of the Services, is holding hearings. The ceiling is 30-feet high. The double-tier of the House Armed Services Committee puts chairman Rivers (D., S.C.) smack in the center, a little higher than the rest, bracketed by two small flags. The ushers (cops) direct sightseers over the carpet. It faintly recalls the comic "Trial by Jury" opera. Lights are lowered as Air Force generals and colonels project charts on a screen to show that the $2 billion cost over-run of the unfortunate C-5A wasn't so much after all.

It's hard to realize what power this white-haired, irascible autocrat has. Generals and admirals fawn on him. Why not? Take the Cheyenne helicopter whose disastrous Lockheed contract the Army just cancelled. He got it through the unquestioning House. ("The Army says they need it; I would rather they have than want it!") Or the Navy's half-built, quick-sinking nuclear submarine that settled in drydock. Rivers denounces a tactless congressman who criticizes this on the House floor. ("The enemies of the military will love you for saying it!")

Rivers treats his committee like his help on the old plantation. They submit; that is the extraordinary thing. He has seniority, of course, but it is always strange to see proud, grown men grovel. Now in the gloom a question is put by a committeeman. Rivers instantly rephrases it. He cuts off another's time.

Amidst national revulsion at the Pentagon's $80-billion budget, Rivers is the key defender; he feels personally attacked. He sits there like the diety in the gloom. A clerk at the console is supposed to regulate individual microphone voice levels and snap on a lamp as each member speaks. The system works badly. But the light by the chairman is left on. Fitting, perhaps. The Reserve Officers Association has given him its Minute Man award; the Air Force Association its Citation of Honor; the Fleet Reserve Association has made him an honorary member; so has the Air Force Sergeants' Association.

The general before the screen is wired for sound. At one point he tries to point his stick at the upper corner but can't make it because of his tether: "Sorry," he says, "the wire is too short." Other congressmen coddle the explosive chairman. There is a kind of "there-there" tone, like relatives trying to control a crotchety invalid. To nobody's surprise Rivers defiantly concludes that anybody speaking of a $2 billion cost over-run does so "ignorantly, loosely, or not in a factual situation." All the Air Force generals happily agree.

Waiting for Nixon

There is something ignoble in the way President Nixon has wavered about appointing Dr. John Knowles of the Massachusetts General Hospital to the top US health job. HEW secretary Finch wants Knowles, but he is opposed by Sen. Dirksen and the American Medical Association. Knowles believes in a strong prepaid federal health insurance for all Americans. This column is as confident as it can be of anything that we shall have this before long: say 10 years or so. The AMA has fought socialized health care, foot by foot, including Social Security, and opposes Knowles. Mr. Nixon has humiliated both Knowles and Finch in his long delay.

And President Nixon is up against a bigger decision in his confrontation with President Thieu on Midway, this Sunday, June 8. American desire to reduce the casualties is becoming fierce. There is near-mutiny in Congress. Will Mr. Nixon apply pressure to bring the Thieu government into line with Washington's views? The Midway meeting may mark the turning point. No decision there will in itself be a decision. Opponents will call it "Nixon's war" soon after Midway, if steps at deescalation are not taken.

. . . The White House vending machine was still giving out broken signals when we returned to it that afternoon: dot, dot, dash, endlessly repeated. It was like Poe's raven. "Nixon's war." That fit! It was ominous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Volume 160, Number 23, Issue 2841, June 7, 1969. Published weekly (48 issues a year) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1969 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

Contents

5-7 Comment
Outside Income, Nixon Midway, Fallen Angels

8 Hospital Strike – *Jack Bass*

9 South Korea and the US – *Alex Campbell*

11 Blocking the ABM – *Edmund S. Muskie*

13 Germs and Gas as Weapons – *Seymour M. Hersh*

16 Where's the Church Headed? Reflections of an Ex-Priest – *John J. McManmon*

20 Films – *Stanley Kauffmann*

21 Books – Reviews by *Charles Thomas Samuels, Joseph Epstein, William Schechner, Herbert J. Gans*

30 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Literary Editor – Richard Gilman
Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann
Associate Editors – David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone, John Osborne
Production Manager – Ira Klafter
Assistant to the Editors – Gwen Somers
Contributing Editors – Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, James Ridgeway, Paul Wieck
S.E. Asia Correspondent – Zalin B. Grant
London Correspondent – Anthony Howard
Publisher – Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Advertising Manager – Holly Reppert
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White
50 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

Outside Income

The Fortas case is over, but it is proving hard to forget. And its aftermath, which includes a Douglas case, looks to be with us for a while. Justice William O. Douglas, 30 years on the bench and a civil libertarian of strong convictions, has long engaged in enough interesting extra-judicial activities to constitute a full-time career quite aside from his judicial duties – infinitely more extra-judicial activities than any of his colleagues, and quite probably more than any other judge in the whole history of the Court. He has traveled widely, made speeches and written books and articles on assorted topics. To say that Justice Douglas' conduct has been improper is to pass a judgment of degree, not of kind. The Justices are not required to be, and have traditionally not been, altogether mute off the bench. But they have generally exercised noticeable restraint with respect to the frequency of extra-judicial utterance, and to choice of topics. Those who now, in the wake of the Fortas affair, say that Justice Douglas has damaged the Court, do so because it is hard for them to believe that even a man of his extraordinary energy finds it possible to do all he has done without occasionally skimping on the performance of judicial labors; and because the Court begets quite a sufficient amount of controversy in the discharge of its office, and scarcely needs the additional controversy that a Justice draws to himself, and hence to it, by identifying himself with one or another side of extraneous issues.

For the past several years, until he resigned just recently, Justice Douglas has been, among other things, chairman of the Parvin Foundation, which grants scholarships to foreign students and runs reasonably innocuous international conferences. This is not an activity that particularly invites controversy, nor is it otherwise out of line; certainly it would not be if it were the Justice's only one. The Justice drew a salary of $12,000 a year, but he worked for it, and used some of it to cover expenses incurred in behalf of the Foundation. The Foundation's money, however, is Las Vegas gambling-hotel money, and something might have told Justice Douglas that it would be just as well for a man in his position not to draw such money, no matter how worthy the purpose to which he put it.

There are, however, more dissimilarities than similarities between the Fortas and Douglas cases. It was never clear what Mr. Fortas contracted to do by way of earning his annual $20,000 from the Wolfson Foundation, and it was easy to surmise what Mr. Wolfson, in personal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble with the federal government, expected Mr. Fortas to do. No such atmosphere envelops the Douglas-Parvin relationship. But there is one deplorable similarity between the cases. The Parvin Foundation is under investigation by the Internal Revenue Service – not because the Foundation is suspected of having done something unlawful in the ordinary sense, but because the Service determines from time to time whether a foundation continues to be entitled to its tax exemption. It is, at least apparently, simply a question of tax liability. The rub is that a couple of weeks ago, on May 12, so *The New York Times* reports, Justice Douglas saw fit to write Albert Parvin, founder and a director of the Parvin Foundation, that the Internal Revenue Service had nothing but a "manufactured case" against him. Justice Douglas, the *Times* says further, also suggested to Mr. Parvin how to arrange the Foundation's affairs in the future so as to avoid any sort of trouble with Internal Revenue, including presumably a manufactured case. This is legal advice rendered by a Justice of the Supreme Court, who has enviable opportunities to render his advice very legal indeed. The letter of May 12 came after Justice Douglas had severed his relations with the Parvin Foundation. Hopefully it is a singular, isolated, casual incident. And yet it is an indiscretion, and would be an intolerable one if it were part of a regular course of conduct.

It is unspeakably sad that the country should have to worry about the ethics of its judges, and that Congress should be moved to take precautions by way of requiring disclosure of all outside income, as Senator Mansfield has suggested. But the taking of some precautions now seems unavoidable. Justice Douglas himself says he sees no reason "why anybody who is in public service, whether it would be a Senator, a Congressman, a Secretary of the Interior or whatever, should not disclose all his sources of income." There was a time when such an imposition on public officials would have been considered an intolerable invasion of privacy, but as Walter Lippmann observed many years ago in his book, *Public Opinion*, "the notion of what constitutes a person's private affairs is elastic." The public no longer accepts, nor should, the idea that the sources of income of its highest servants are none of the public's business. That is why Senator Case and 11 of his colleagues would require from all members of the federal judiciary as well as all members of Congress and high officials in the Executive Branch "full, regular and more importantly public, reports on their income and financial activities."

Public disclosure of earnings and their source is not a guarantee of probity; it would be foolish to expect too much from it; money is only one instrument of corruption. But at the least, disclosure would have the effect of encouraging public servants to think twice, and longer, about the propriety of outside activities undertaken for pay.

Senator Case appreciates that "the Bench by statute and tradition has maintained more careful standards of conduct than the other branches of government. Instances of impropriety or corruption of federal judges, although not unknown, have been relatively few." Nevertheless, "the very fact that the Judiciary is removed from the political arena makes public disclosure a peculiarly appropriate safeguard of judicial integrity. For judges are traditionally expected to remain silent and make no direct response to criticism, although even the appearance of impropriety can do grievous damage to public trust in a vital element of our political system." Elected officials, he reminds his colleagues, can be turned out of office; executive officials can be dismissed or otherwise disciplined. But "federal judges alone are appointed for life. Though this is qualified by the constitutional limitation of 'during good Behavior,' the process of renewal is rarely invoked." Many members of the federal judiciary, he believes, "would not object, indeed many would welcome inclusion of the judicial branch, along with the Executive and Legislative branches, in the adoption of a full financial disclosure statute."

Beyond this, Congress should not go. Judges are in a different position than either Congressmen or Senators, or members of the Executive department. Unlike the latter, judges may plainly engage in some remunerative outside activity. Unlike the former, they represent no interest or constituency and must exercise, and for the most part do exercise, the utmost care not even to appear to be indebted or beholden to any. But their independence of both Congress and the Executive suggests that – income disclosure aside – it is best for the judges themselves to police, if that is the word, their own conduct and that of their fellows. Chief Justice Warren and a committee of judges are said to be working on some broad guidelines which will describe permissible extra-judicial activities. We are entitled to trust that no one else need take any additional measures to supplement such judicially pronounced guidelines, or to enforce them.

COMING: the economic ideas and prospects of the Nixon administration – by George L. Perry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon Midway

When this is read, President Nixon will be making his unhurried way toward a meeting that he did not want and had not planned with President Thieu of South Vietnam. According to Thieu, their meeting at Midway Island in the Pacific, on June 8, is necessary "to set up a common policy" which, according to President Nixon, had been set up when he stated the basic American terms for a negotiated settlement of the war on May 14. Everything we know of Mr. Nixon suggests that the Midway confrontation will be a ceremonial formality, arranged to fortify Thieu's shaky position in South Vietnam against the concessions to Hanoi and to the National Liberation Front that must inevitably be made if the beginnings of a viable peace are to be negotiated in Paris. It is not imaginable that Nixon would expose himself to the messy consequences of open differences openly arrived at on Midway. These differences will have been papered over by prior negotiation, if not actually resolved, before the two Presidents meet, and they may be expected to part with a great show of solidarity.

The big question to be resolved before the Midway meeting, and the solution to be formally ratified there, have to do with the nature of the Saigon regime that would conduct popular elections in South Vietnam, if and after the Paris negotiators agree upon their terms and purposes. Secretary of State William P. Rogers discussed that question with Thieu in Saigon just before Nixon delivered his May 14 policy speech, and it clearly was that discussion rather than the deliberately vague Nixon statement that led Thieu to demand the Midway conference. It is equally clear – mainly from official accounts broadcast by the Voice of America – that Rogers raised the proposition, dreaded by Thieu and bound to be resisted by him, that only an interim coalition government including NLF representatives would be acceptable to the Hanoi-NLF negotiators in Paris and that only such a government could be relied upon to conduct fair elections. It is up to "the South Vietnamese," a VOA commentary had Rogers telling Thieu, "to detrmine whether future elections and *the possible creation of an interim government* can be worked out within the framework of the existing [South Vietnamese] constitution *and there is the possibility of amending the constitution*" (emphasis added). The same official broadcast quoted Rogers as saying that he didn't "foresee a coalition government before the elections" and then adding: "I think that the election is one thing and the government during the time the election is held is another thing. . . . If a free election leads to a coalition government, the US will of course accept it, but neither before nor after elections will it impose such a government, nor will it be party to such coercion."

Assuming this and similar VOA accounts to be saying what the Nixon Administration wants said to Hanoi and to Saigon, Mr. Nixon's problem before and at the Midway meeting is to avoid the appearance of the coercion that is surely necessary if the political basis for a settlement in Paris is to be found.

(Our associate editor John Osborne will accompany the Presidential party to Midway.)

Fallen Angels

After the Los Angeles vote, with its stupendous turnout of nearly 80 percent, to keep Mayor Sam Yorty in office, it will be harder than ever to convince blacks – militant or moderate – that America is not a racist society. For if one cuts through the smog that blights the sense as well as the scenery of what was once the City of Angels, one reaches the ugly fact that the challenger of Mayor Yorty, Tom Bradley, was defeated because he is black. Yorty was correct in his snide insinuation during the last two weeks of the campaign, that race was the issue (he meant, of course, that the city would go to the dogs if a Negro sat in the mayor's seat).

There has been no municipal contest in recent years where the choice was as clear as it was in Los Angeles. Here was Yorty – often absent from the city, an unlikeable demagogue, a man who had been around long enough to begin to bore the public, a mayor whose administration was streaked with corruption. Opposed to him was a decent, modest, experienced and intelligent city councilman, the son of a pullman car porter, a former policeman with 21 years of service, a black policeman who had risen through the ranks by virtue of ability, who was promoted not by a black but a white police chief; and who, on the side, had earned a law degree.

Bradley had the support of nearly every segment of responsible white leadership, Democratic and Republican. He had the endorsement of the *Los Angeles Times*. And Yorty's scare campaign worked. It is a frightening result, for it shows what can be done by an unscrupulous candidate who sets out to put people in fear of their lives. Yorty didn't need to ask them to vote for him, but only to remember the week-long demonstrations at UCLA, and the demands blacks had been making in the churches of Los Angeles for reparations, and to recall the burning and rioting in Watts; and to draw from these memories the conclusion that a vote for a black man – any black man – was a vote for anarchy. Mayor Yorty is the winner, Los Angeles the loser.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hospital Strike

Charleston, S.C.

This city should be happily preparing for the multi-million dollar celebration of its 300th birthday next year, but the hospital strike, now in its third month, is all it can think about. Not since the firing on Fort Sumter has an event in Charleston had such national significance. For the strike has brought together George Meany and Walter Reuther, and it has forged an alliance between organized labor and the civil rights movement. Minimum wage for hospital workers is $1.30 an hour (some laundry workers at the Medical College Hospital were paid as little as 38 cents an hour less than 5 years ago).

The strike began March 20 at the 550-bed teaching hospital of the Medical College of South Carolina and quickly spread to the Charleston County Hospital. More than 500 nonprofessional workers, all of them black, are out. The strike came two days after the Medical College Hospital fired 12 Negro house aides. Hospital officials said the workers left critically ill patients untended to attend a grievance meeting. The workers contend they were fired for union activity – one of those dismissed was Mary Moultrie, president of a union local.

Fifteen months ago, five black licensed practical nurses (LPN's) were fired after a run-in with a white supervisor who issued an order violating standard procedures for LPN's. After a complaint to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the five got their jobs back. But the incident sparked a series of meetings that attracted up to 400 nonprofessional workers at the hospital. Lack of job security, inadequate grievance procedures, alleged racial discrimination in pay, promotion policies and job assignments were discussed. Unhappiness about wages was aggravated by federal manpower training programs that paid $1.60 an hour to train an unskilled worker to become an orderly or nurse's aide. However, federal law required only a $1.30 an hour minimum wage for hospital workers.

When hospital officials refused to listen to the grievances, employees turned to local black union officials for help. Through them, the workers contacted the New York-based National Organizing Committee of Hospital and Nursing Home Employes of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, AFL-CIO. Honorary chairman of the organizing committee is Mrs. Coretta Scott King.

Meanwhile, the response of the hospital was to hire a $50-an-hour labor consultant, a Greenville, S.C. lawyer whose firm has been notable for its anti-union advice to southern textile firms. In October, the lawyer – Knox Haynsworth – drafted a letter for Medical College president Dr. William McCord which was sent to all employees. It characterized unions as being interested only in collecting dues, made it clear the Medical College was very much opposed to the union, and that the union issue could affect an employee's job. The letter was accompanied by two anti-union cartoons.

Gov. Robert E. McNair insisted that in the absence of any state law on the subject, state policy would allow no bargaining with a union. The governor pressured the state legislature into a hurried endorsement of his position. Reinstatement of the 12 fired workers and the question of union recognition are blocking a settlement. To date, McNair has refused a union offer to substitute an elected workers committee for formal recognition. When SCLC President Ralph David Abernathy arrived in Charleston and the first mass marches were staged, McNair responded by sending in hundreds of National Guardsmen and state highway patrolmen. Then he imposed a curfew.

McNair appears ready to make at least one major concession. State agency heads privately have been told the state of South Carolina plans a $1.60 minimum wage for all state employees, effective July 1. This came a few weeks after McNair said that the state would set a $1.45 minimum wage on July 1, which isn't required by federal law until Jan. 1. Also planned for the first time is an appeals board for any state employee who feels he has been fired unjustly.

A black boycott, the killing of tourist business by the curfew and the appearance of an armed camp have been painful. Violence has been avoided largely because of the leadership of Charleston Police Chief John Conroy, a 42-year-old retired Marine major.

The determination of the strikers caught hospital officials by surprise. In remarks directed at McNair and Charleston Mayor J. Palmer Gaillard – who wants a settlement – Abernathy said they could watch the city go to waste if they wanted, but the strikers and their supporters would watch with them: "Waste is all we've ever known." But with a $10,000 initial contribution from Reuther's United Auto Workers and $25,000 from the AFL-CIO, the strikers can pay their rent, have enough for food stamps, and be no worse off than they were.

If the civil rights movement successfully merges with organized labor in the South, in a shift from defending legal rights to economic improvement for black people (and poor whites) the long-range political implications are intriguing. So far, organized labor in the state has sat on the fence, fearful of the effect an endorsement of an all-black movement would have on white workers. However, scattered groups of white women from other South Carolina cities – members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union – attended the Mother's Day rally in Charleston at which Reuther announced his $10,000 gift.

Jack Bass

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South Korea and the US

"Come and Establish More Bases Here"

by Alex Campbell

Seoul

This spring the government of South Korea conducted a country-wide war exercise. Half a million soldiers, and 2 million Home Guards, made believe that North Korea had once again launched an all-out attack. However, the exercise was not given a code name that referred to the Korean war that broke out 19 years ago, when the United States and other members of the United Nations came to South Korea's rescue. This spring's operation was called *Ulchi*, in honor of a commander who repulsed Chinese invaders in the seventh century. Koreans have long memories.

Before *Ulchi*, the United States had launched an exercise called *Operation Focus Retina*, which displeased President Park Chung Hee and other South Korean leaders. The US operation was the longest airlift in history, and involved 7,000 American and South Korean soldiers and 77 aircraft. Combat-ready troops were flown from North Carolina to Seoul in 22 hours, using Okinawa as a stopover. *Focus Retina* upset the South Koreans because they saw it paving the way for eventual withdrawal of the 50,000 US Army troops and 10,000 US airmen at present on guard in South Korea. If American troops can be airlifted in a few hours, all the way from Carolina, it seems unnecessary to station them in Korea. Soon it will not be necessary even to have a stopover in Okinawa. Operation *Retina* employed C-141 troop-carrying aircraft. By 1972, the giant C-5A aircraft will be in service. Okinawa by then may have been handed back to Japan.

South Korea believes American soldiers and airmen should be stationed permanently in Korea, and that the US should hang on to Okinawa as well, as a military base vital to Korea's security. Prime Minister Chung Il Kwon, who during the Korean War was army chief of staff, wants more than 60,000 American troops in Korea. He thinks that number is too small. He has offered the United States more land for more military bases, so that South Korea can become a strongpoint to "defend the entire Far East." He demanded, "Where else in Asia are you welcome? Others say, 'Yankee Go Home.' We alone say, 'Come and establish more bases here.'" President Park was furious when the US failed to send the aircraft-carrier *Enterprise* to bombard the North Korean coast, to retaliate for the North's seizure of the *Pueblo* last year. Park has also demanded that Washington "exert political, economic and other pressures on Japan, so that the Japanese government will realize the necessity for a regional collective defense system." What Park has in mind is a Pacific Treaty Organization (PATO) that would include Taiwan, South Korea, the United States and Japan, perhaps also Australia and New Zealand. So far the United States has shown no more interest in PATO than have the Japanese, who show none.

Between 1949 and 1966, this country gave South Korea $4.2 billion in economic aid. This year, South Korea will receive about $40 million from the US in grants and loans, 20 percent less than last year, and $49 million worth of food under Public Law 480, compared with $72 million in 1968. But President Park wants more military aid, including supersonic fighter-bombers in addition to the squadron of F-4 Phantoms to be delivered him in August. The extra squadrons are requested because North Korea has 590 planes to the South's 195; this ignores, however, the fact that the South has US Air Force and Navy support. Park admits that "North Korea would not dare start aggressive war without the support of either Communist China or the Soviet Union." Such support seems improbable. Chinese Red Guard posters last year called North Korean President Kim Il Sung "a counter-revolutionary revisionist, millionaire, aristocrat and leading bourgeois element." Russia is on better terms than that with Kim, but chiefly because Moscow seeks North Korean support in the Kremlin's ideological row with Peking. Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny visited North Korea in May and curried favor with his hosts by accusing the United States of plotting with "the Park Chung Hee clique" against the North. Both Russia and China look on North Korea as a highly convenient buffer state that it is in their interest to protect, even though North Korea under its present Communist leadership apparently refuses to take orders from either.

The United States has no wish to get in a war with Russia and/or China over Korea. One Korean War was enough. South Korea has 50,000 troops fighting in South Vietnam, on the American side and equipped with modern American weapons. But the United States appears less willing to arm equally well the 550,000 South Korean troops in Korea (opposing 345,000 North Korean troops). It has promised to do so for four years, but has yet to keep its promise. Voices in Seoul suggest that when the Vietnam war ends the South's two well-armed divisions can be brought home and used against the North.

Neither Washington nor the American Embassy in Seoul believes either China or Russia is inclined to back North Korea in an aggressive war. Evidence points to the North Korean forces themselves being deployed for defense, not attack. This however overlooks Kim Il Sung's threat to force "several Vietnams" on the United States, commencing with a second front in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South Korea, and also overlooks some of Kim's recent deeds. The seizure of the *Pueblo* was an act of enormous audacity. Kim Il Sung could not possibly have counted on the United States taking no military action. On the contrary: American and South Korean intelligence seem agreed that North Korea expected American retaliation. Yet in spite of this, no special North Korean preparations to ward off such a blow could be detected. The North Korean Communist dictator apparently was willing to undergo an American attack, so long as he had the satisfaction of humiliating the United States by capturing its spy ship and hauling it ignominiously into one of his ports. This year, he shot down a US spy plane. Last year, he sent an assassination squad to Seoul to try to kill President Park and is said to have vowed that before his sixtieth birthday, in 1971, he will have reunited Korea by force. Kim has trained thousands of commandos to infiltrate the South, and they have made hundreds of raids on the South's east coast. The guerrillas are invariably detected by the South's vigilant Home Guard, and are captured or commit suicide. They sometimes kill a few harmless farmers or fisherfolk first, but do no damage of military significance. North Korean guerrillas could land and head for industrial targets; factories or dams would be difficult to protect from saboteurs. But nothing like this ever seems to be tried by the North Koreans. Indeed, Kim Il Sung puzzles the Chinese and Russians as well as the Americans. Kim has purged all his rivals. He also liquidated the Chinese component of the North Korean Communist Party, shortly after the Korean war ended. The Russians give him arms, nevertheless Soviet officials in North Korea may not travel about the country. North Korea is a hermit kingdom.

Park Chung Hee, the South Korean President, is a military leader turned politician who got his military training from the Japanese, and in the second world war fought for them in Manchuria. After Syngman Rhee became President of South Korea in 1948 there were several unsuccessful plotters against Rhee. One was Park's brother. Park was disgraced for hiding his brother from Rhee's police. One of the military judges at his trial was the present prime minister, Chung Il Kwon. When the Korean War broke out, Park was reinstated in the army. In 1960, the students of South Korea led a revolt against Syngman Rhee and became the first students in the world to overthrow a government. The army joined in the revolt. A year later, General Park staged a coup against the civilian who had succeeded Rhee, and Park subsequently was twice elected president. He now has to decide whether to seek a third term, which would require a change in the constitution. He hasn't yet announced he's seeking a third term; that would give his opposition time to organize. But if he were to say definitely that he will *not* run again, that would make him a lame duck.

Park's excuse for running again will be that he needs another term to complete his overhaul of the economy. To the leader of the opposition, Yu Chin O, who hopes in 1971 to replace Park in "the Blue House" (the president's palace), "peaceful transfer of power is more important than economic development." Yu Chin O heads the New Democratic Party and is a former Seoul University professor, also author of the constitution that forbids a third term. Park heads the Democratic Republican Party. As far as principles go, it is hard to tell the parties apart. Since he put off his uniform, Park has galvanized the whole country, and completely altered the face of the capital. In Seoul, tall new buildings spring up almost overnight. Broad new boulevards replace twisting lanes. It's as if the Army Engineers Corps had been given a completely free hand.

Park is a martinet who terrifies his ministers; a cabinet post is regarded as an onerous honor. But the rate of growth of the economy under this dynamic leadership was a phenomenal 13 percent last year. Exports have soared. "If we sell $700-million worth of goods overseas this year," Park said in March, "we shall be able to export $1-billion worth next year, and $2.5-billion worth in 1975." Park regards export volume as "the best yardstick of national power."

Nevertheless, South Korea's trade deficit is an annual $1 billion, and the country's foreign debt totals $1.7 billion. Inflation pushes up prices between 10 and 20 percent each year. Though Park punishes corruption in government, it still adds at least 10 to 15 percent to the cost of most government projects. The wages are so low that South Korea can undersell even Taiwan.

The Japanese have come back to South Korea and are making deals and running factories. The Koreans, who were intensely anti-Japanese with good reason, have got accustomed to their faces again. Other foreign capital rolls in, attracted by high profits, though there is growing nervousness that the United States and other countries will shut out South Korean goods with more tariffs and quotas.

The students who overthrew Syngman Rhee are watching Park. When he seeks a third term, there may be student ructions. The South Korean Intelligence Agency, which made murderous attacks on students in Rhee's time, does not help now by accusing South Korean intellectuals whom students admire of being Communists. A man for the students to watch and perhaps fear is Kim Chung Pil, formerly with the South Korean CIA. He had a big hand in Park's 1961 coup. Kim recently quit politics saying he was "going into retreat." He is a Buddhist. One theory is that he has his eye on the presidency – not in 1971, for he hopes Park will get his third term, but in 1975.

Aware that the booming economy has become unbalanced, Park has promised the farmers a better deal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The country still imports food: 2,618,000 tons of grain this year. The farmers, two-thirds of the population, are too poor to buy fertilizer for new "miracle" rice and wheat and are squeezed by the government to pay for new steel mills and four-lane highways.

Park says the time has come for the people in the towns to give back to those on the land. Not a minute too soon. The peasants have real grievances. With the Communist North persistently probing and propagandizing, the countryside could be the South's Achilles Heel. That is a reason for continuing US concern, but not for permanently keeping two divisions in South Korea.

Next: A Report from Okinawa on the American military bases, and Ittaika *(one-ness) with Japan.*

Blocking the ABM

by Senator Edmund S. Muskie

The debate over deployment of the latest version of the anti-ballistic missile system has an air of unreality about it. The alphabet-soup array of systems designations (ABM, ICBM, MIRV, PAR and MSR) provides an aura of mystery and suggests that only the weapons specialists are competent to make judgments on the merits of the proposal. The projected costs of the system (up to $25 billion a year by the mid 1970's), the size and power of warheads in the system (1 megaton for the Spartan and 1 kiloton for the Sprint), and the calculations of casualties in an ICBM-ABM-ICBM exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union (over 100 million on each side) deaden the senses.

There is a danger that familiarity with the numbers and the letters of the debate will breed a fatalistic acceptance of the system, not because the Congress or the citizens of the United States want it, but because they are uncertain as to the alternatives.

The numbers and the letters are important because they tell us how far we have gone in the development of sophisticated engines of destruction. They tend to confirm our worst suspicions and fears about man being dominated by the products of his technological genius. They are symbols of man's capacity to destroy himself and the earth on which he lives.

Violence is not new on our planet, but the complexity of systems to implement violent instincts are new. Changing techniques of weaponry are not new, but the speed of change is new. We are caught in a paradox in which long lead-times to develop and deploy weapons systems reduce the time available for us to decide whether or not we want or need the systems. Continuous obsolescence undermines our confidence in weapons systems, but fear of the unknown makes it difficult for us to say no to any ingenious proposal which offers the promise of military security.

Members of the Senate are wrestling with the question of how they should vote on the ABM authorization and appropriations amidst a constantly shifting series of arguments, claims and questions: is ABM necessary? what are its real objectives? will it work? and, what will it do to the arms race?

The Nixon Administration has shifted its arguments for an ABM system from those used to support the "thin system" proposal offered by the Johnson Administration. The Sentinel proposal called for protection against a possible Chinese attack in the 1970's, coupled with a capacity to expand into a thick system designed to protect the United States against a Soviet attack. The Safeguard system proposal is predicated on a straight-line projection of Soviet ICBM capability which, it is claimed, will give the Soviets "superiority" by the mid 1970's.

I have grave doubts about the projections used to support the Administration's position. They are based on questionable assumptions about current Soviet activities, in which limited deployment of the Talinn anti-aircraft missile system and the Galosh (Nike-Zeus type missiles) deployment around Moscow have been interpreted as a major Soviet ABM program. They are also based on a projection of maximum capability for the Russian SS-9 missile program, a program which would have to be greatly improved to present a real threat to our Minuteman ICBM system. Finally, the emphasis on ABM has shunted aside alternative, and potentially cheaper, methods of deterring Soviet first-strike threats.

The Safeguard system is being sold as a "thin system" directed at a potential Soviet threat, with secon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dary protection against the Chinese, but the Administration's escalating justification for the system raises real doubts as to the ultimate size of the system. In his March 14 statement, President Nixon stressed restraint in developing the Safeguard program. He suggested the possibility of cutting back at a later date. But Secretary Laird and Deputy Secretary Packard have repeatedly implied a long-range goal of full deployment.

In addition, President Nixon observed in his April 18 news conference that he did not "know what [the Soviet] intentions are, but we have to base our policy on their capability." That statement, it seems to me, opens the door to a substantial expansion of the ABM system, far beyond anything projected in this year's administration requests.

One is driven to the conclusion that the Congress and the nation are being asked to make "one easy down payment" on a monstrous defense system whose costs will dwarf today's expectations.

Coupled with questions as to why and what we are being asked to buy is a doubt as to its feasibility as an effective and convincing deterrent. The Safeguard system is extraordinarily complex, involving a combination of radar, computer, missile and nuclear warhead technology which cannot be fully tested in advance of actual use.

It is not enough to say that we developed the hydrogen bomb in spite of the doubters. That weapon did not include the support systems whose functioning is essential to the performance of the Spartan and Sprite missiles. The hydrogen bomb did not have to be designed to cope with countermeasures which will change in time.

In evaluating the need for the Safeguard – even if one were to accept the assumptions of the Administration about the Soviet and Chinese threats – one must not be misled by undue optimism about our technological capacity. In the event of a nuclear missile exchange, there could be no long, complicated checklist and countdown such as we use in our space shots. At this point I cannot accept the contention of some supporters that the system would be virtually fail-safe.

The final, and most important question about Safeguard is the effect of its deployment on the arms race.

That question must be examined within the context of action and reaction between the United States and Russia. Deployment of the Safeguard system, particularly when viewed against the background of MIRV (Multiple Independently targeted Re-entry Vehicle) development, is bound to strengthen the hand of Soviet military leaders who will argue for increased capacity to meet the United States "threat" to their security. Soviet leaders are just as likely to base their policy on our capability, rather than our intentions, as is President Nixon.

Our military leaders make straight-line projections on military planning, calculating maximum Soviet capacity and minimum United States capacity. The Russians make the same projections in reverse. Unchecked, policies based on those mutual projections will inevitably result in an unending upward spiral of arms and terror. Under such circumstancees neither the United States nor Russia will be in a position to restrain other countries in the arms race.

The first priority for United States policy-making should not be deployment of the Safeguard system, but renewal of the arms talks with the Soviet Union. One need not be under any illusion as to the difficulty of such talks to recognize their importance to the cause of peace or the redirection of our resources to important domestic needs.

Furthermore, the arms talks should not be complicated by a *fait accompli* of congressional action on deployment of the ABM. A vote against ABM would cause problems for our negotiators. A vote for ABM would raise even greater obstacles to successful negotiations.

Modern missile systems are not simple items which can be moved like pawns in a chess game. Once initiated, they have a momentum of their own, compounded of military strategy, military-industrial-political commitments, technological fascination and uncertainty about alternative steps. Safeguard would not be comparable to divisions or task forces. It would be a ponderous program which would threaten to become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

The ABM debate marks a watershed in our national approach to defense policies. For the first time in many years we have an opportunity to slow down the pace of technological-military development, to give the country time to breathe and to work out – if possible – the problems of nuclear threats with the Soviet Union. The Administration has an opportunity to take its cue from the kind of discussion which has been going on in the Congress, under bipartisan auspices, and to shift its attention and its efforts to the negotiating table before it is committed to an uncertain and dangerous course which appears certain to accelerate the arms race.

In the final analysis, the ABM question becomes one of determining what kind of society we want. Do we want a seething, crippled, fortress America, or do we want a rational, creative and constructive society in which our intentions are clear and our capability for peaceful pursuits are unquestioned? Safeguard threatens to produce the former; halting Safeguard deployment and concentrating on arms control promises the latter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germs and Gas as Weapons

by Seymour M. Hersh

The story of Rep. Richard D. (Max) McCarthy, an unpretentious Democrat from Buffalo, is by now part of the Washington rewriteman's lore: he was watching an NBC-TV documentary on chemical and biological warfare (CBW) early in February; his wife, horrified by what she saw, shooed their children out of the room and asked her husband what he, a Congressman, knew about such goings on. The answer was not very much.

McCarthy's first move was to request a special briefing on CBW from the Pentagon. The briefing, delivered in early March to a group of 19 Congressmen and Senators on Capitol Hill, amounted to little more than a plea for more money and more public understanding. Then, in a major floor speech April 21, McCarthy outlined a number of contradictions between the government's public statements and secret efforts. The military claims to have a limited offensive chemical capability, he said, yet it has more than 100 million lethal doses of nerve gas in storage. The State Department says that the US adheres to the principles of the 1925 Geneva Protocol, which banned all use of poisonous gases and chemicals; at the same time, "we are using tear gas to aid in the killing of the enemy and we are using chemicals as an anti-food weapon . . ." Moreover, the production, stockpiling, and testing of exotic gases and germs could be a serious ecological hazard.

One senior member of the House Armed Services Committee openly insulted McCarthy; a younger committee member warned that if he kept up his attacks on CBW he would find himself under FBI investigation; and House Republican leader Gerald Ford accused him of seeking unilateral disarmament. Such exchanges aren't unusual in the House, where control of the military lies largely in the hands of Chairman L. Mendel Rivers of the Armed Services Committee.

In the case of CBW, the Rivers' Committee has much to protect. The Pentagon has constructed in secret a vast CBW network, almost a miniature of the military-industrial complex. The Army alone operates six full-time CBW installations, employs more than 14,000 men, and spends more than $500 million a year on CBW. Full-scale plants for the production of toxic nerve agents are operational at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver and at an unnamed plant in Newport, Ind., with a major research facility at the Edgewood Arsenal northeast of Baltimore. For the biological effort, more than 500 scientists labor in secrecy at Fort Detrick, the main research center near Frederick, Md. It is there that exotic strains of virulent diseases are developed – the scientists engaged in such work talk of doomsday machines. The main biological production plant is located on the grounds of the Pine Bluff, Ark., Arsenal, where the Army keeps up-to-date stocks of the three agents that have thus far been approved and tested for combat use – anthrax, the deadly scourge of the Middle Ages that kills up to 99 percent of its victims; tularmemia, a highly infectious disease; and Q fever, a not fatal but seriously debilitating illness that can take three months to cure. The Army is capable of turning its stocks into a major weapons system – replete with germ-filled bombs and missiles – within four to six weeks. The major testing facility for CBW is the Dugway Proving Grounds, an area larger than the state of Rhode Island 80 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, Utah, where more than 6,400 sheep were killed when something went wrong during a nerve gas test in March 1968. The Air Force and Navy also have CBW programs costing a total of more than $150 million annually, with much of the funds now going for the defoliants and herbicides used in heavy quantities in South Vietnam.

The fact that the total CBW spending exceeds $650 million a year – nearly four times more than the government spends on cancer research – has been kept secret; since 1963 all spending information on CBW has been classified and stricken from the public Defense Department budget. During House hearings late last month into the ecological dangers from CBW testing, press attention was focused on an Army statement that $330 million a year was being spent on CBW. It was described then as a revelation; precisely the same statistic was supplied to McCarthy in April and not only made public then, but publicly challenged. "I find it difficult to accept this budget figure," McCarthy said, noting reports that $420 million alone were spent in fiscal 1969 by the Edgewood Arsenal.

The 42-year-old McCarthy is no flaming liberal; he endorsed Vice President Humphrey in May 1968, when both Sens. Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene J. McCarthy were in the running. He is not anti-military, as such, having served in the Army and Navy. He avoided any major House military debates in his two previous terms. Before CBW, his main concern had been water pollution. Early in his current campaign, the congressman set four goals: an end to secrecy re-

---

Seymour M. Hersh *is the author of* America's Hidden Arsenal *published last year by Bobbs Merrill.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garding CBW efforts; resubmission of the 1925 Geneva Protocol to the Senate (The US and Japan are the only two major powers which have not ratified the agreement; 62 other nations have); full US support of the now-pending British disarmament proposal to ban biological warfare research and use; and a top-level review of the transportation policies for such weapons.

His one-man cause turned into a nationwide crusade early in May, when he exposed a secret Pentagon plan to dump 27,000 tons of unwanted chemical warfare agents into the ocean – after a cross-country trip by train. The resulting outcries – almost equal in intensity to the protests over the Pentagon plan to put ABM sites in suburban backyards – forced the military into a quick retreat, but more importantly, directly led to hearings on the gas shipment in the House and Senate. In addition, McCarthy's questioning of possible ecological dangers from testing led Chairman Henry Reuss (D., Wis.), of the House Government Operations subcommittee on Conservation to convene a meeting of his group. The hearings, staged over the middle two weeks of May, marked the first time since the Cold War began that America's CBW program faced a hostile congressional panel.

The gas shipment inquiry, before a Foreign Affairs subcommittee headed by Neil Gallagher (D., N.J.), in the House and a Commerce Committee subcommittee headed by Vance Hartke (D., Ind.), in the Senate, quickly produced evidence that the Army considered the disposal of the gas as routine. Plans called for the Army to load the gas on 809 railroad cars at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal and move it through Indianapolis, Dayton, Knoxville, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Elizabeth, N.J., en route to the Atlantic Ocean port of Earle. Once there, the gas was to be loaded into World War II Liberty ships, taken out 250 miles to sea (the Pentagon later said the dumping area would be only 125 miles out), and sunk. Similar trips with lethal chemicals had been made in secrecy before.

Before the first day's testimony was over, the Army announced it would hold up the shipments until a review was completed by a group of scientists assembled by the National Academy of Scientists (NAS). Within a week, the gas was being unloaded from ready-to-go freight trains. Yet at no point did the military acknowledge that any mistake in judgment had been made; instead they predicated their defense on the fact that such trips had been often made in the past. Nearly half the shipment – 12,000 tons – involved nerve gas bombs, considered the most deadly weapon in the chemical arsenal. Scientists have determined that as little as 2.4 milligrams of the gas can be lethal to man. An Army officer once told a newsman that "the gas from a single bomb the size of a quart fruit jar could kill every living thing within a cubic mile, depending on the wind and weather conditions . . . A tiny drop of the gas in its liquid form on the back of a man's hand will paralyze his nerve instantly and deaden his brain in a few seconds. Death will follow in 30 seconds."

The hearings came at a time of increased concern over the poor safety record of the nation's railroads. In 1967 there were 4,960 derailments, an 86 percent increase in the past six years. Thirty-nine communities have had to be evacuated in the past four years because of derailments involving toxic chemicals and gases. What few safety requirements now on the books were waived by the government for the military's gas shipment. Thus the Department of Transportation did not enforce a regulation calling for retesting of the gas cylinders, although many of those that would have been shipped dated back to World War II. No permit was ever needed by the Army for the shipment, although McCarthy revealed in testimony to the subcommittee that there had been three cases of gas leakages during shipments in the past year. The Army's responsibilities ended, as officials were quick to point out, as soon as the gas bombs and canisters were loaded aboard the freight train. It was up to the carrier to determine in which order and where the lethal cars would travel.

The hearings also brought out the following:

► The Army insisted that the shells and containers were safe and posed no danger to the communities through which they passed. McCarthy testified that he had learned "that the reason that the US Army wishes to get rid of these tanks of mustard gas and these nerve gas bombs is that they are leakers – that is, the containers are either corroded or have become ineffective so that they leak gas."

► The Army assured Congress that all local communities would be forewarned, with proper police and fire department notification, before the gas rolled through. But numerous newspapers and television interviews failed to produce one city official who was aware of the impending gas shipment, initially scheduled to begin May 16, three days after the House subcommittee hearing convened.

► The Army assured both the House and Senate that they had coordinated the shipment with other federal agencies. Yet officials of the Interior and State Departments testified that they had received, at best, only cursory advance knowledge. Dr. Leslie L. Glasgow, assistant secretary of Interior, told the Gallagher subcommittee his department was "opposed to the use of the ocean as a dumping ground." At another point in the hearing, Dr. Robert Frosch, assistant secretary of the Navy, told how he had consulted with a group of oceanographers on the Army dumping plan; he did not say that the meeting took place four days before he testified.

► The Army said it had carefully studied alternative plans for disposing of the chemicals, such as de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contaminating them or burying them underground. They acknowledged, during questioning, that they had conducted no studies whatsoever on the possible contamination of the sea from such dumpings. A number of scientific groups also testified that decontamination was much easier – and certainly safer – than the Army contended. The ubiquitious McCarthy also testified that he had been informed by the Army's chief chemical engineer at Edgewood Arsenal that the nerve gas could be moved "relatively easily" from bombs and detoxified at storage points, thus eliminating the need to ship it across the nation. One reason for the Army's reluctance to remove the gas from the bombs was brought out during the Senate subcommittee hearings. It seems that the bombs are loaded with explosives and the danger in attempting to defuse them would be too high. "The best way to describe it," Maj. Gen. Peter Lane, an Army transportation official, told the committee, "is 'the bomb was designed to go off' . . ."

The Army's performance before the House and Senate subcommittees on the gas shipments was shoddy; but it managed to do even worse when Rep. Reuss convened his hearings a week later into the ecological dangers from lethal CBW testing. What could charitably be called contradictions or mistakes in facts during the earlier hearings became out-and-out "whoppers," as Reuss called them. Two days of testimony showed that the Army had lied when it claimed no responsibility for the accidental killing of 6,400 sheep after a test at the Dugway Provings Grounds in March 1968. Sheep were killed 47 miles east of the target area; US 40, a heavily traveled interstate highway between the midwest and California, lies 35 miles north of the area. Most of the nonmilitary scientists who testified agreed that human beings could have been killed in the incident if the gas had fallen on them.

It was revealed, too, the Army had deliberately withheld information about the tests until accidental disclosure of them was made in Washington. The delay in releasing the information prevented veterinarians from possibly saving some of the animals. At one point, officials of the state were told that no tests had been conducted since the previous July. Even after officials knew that there was a definite link between the tests – a tank malfunctioned on the high-speed jet plane conducting the tests and sent the gas soaring high into the air, above pre-test plans – and the sheep deaths, they continued to lie.

A local veterinarian, Dr. D. Avaraon Osguthorpe, who independently diagnosed nerve gas poisoning as the cause of the sheep deaths, was pressured into retracting a statement he made about the possible danger to humans in the area. The Army wrote the statement for him; he signed it. (Osguthorpe glumly told friends the morning after his first day of testimony that his temporary quarters at the Congressional Hotel had been carefully searched the night before: "As far as I can tell nothing was missing; somebody just went through my things.")

The Army vastly overpaid for the sheep, alloting nearly $66 a head for sheep valued – at best – at half the price. Reuss ordered his subcommittee counsel to investigate possible criminal liability stemming from the total payment of nearly $500,000 to local ranchers.

The area was contaminated for months after the errant test, contrary to Army statements. One published paper indicated that sheep suffered adverse effects until June after being fed forage from the sheep kill area.

Rep. Sherman P. Lloyd, Utah Republican who has been a defender of the Dugway Proving Grounds (a main source of financial support for his district), delivered a prepared statement praising the Army's safety record at Dugway, and specifically denying McCarthy's earlier charge that part of the huge military base was permanently contaminated because of biological testing. He subsequently was shown a military map depicting a "Permanently Contaminated Biological Area." The map had been presented to the committee by McCarthy, who had been the leadoff witness, and it had been determined that the contaminated area depicted was a few miles outside the actual boundaries of the Proving Grounds. Lloyd leaped on that fact.

Reuss: Would it not appear as if the Defense Department officials to whom you talked lied to you?

Lloyd: No.

Reuss: Why not? You just said that they denied that there was a contaminated biological testing area.

Lloyd: Within the Proving Ground.

Reuss: Don't you think honorable men would have had to answer your question by saying "no, we don't have any within the Proving Ground, but right outside there is one?"

Lloyd: I am convinced . . . they made no effort either to lie or deliberately mislead. When they denied there was a contaminated area within the Proving Ground they were undoubtedly replying to my specific inquiry.

Information concerning biological warfare is highly classified by the Army, along with specific information on national policy. Yet Reuss did not clear the room when he asked about the latter, and the results were on a par with the rest of the military testimony. Speaking collectively to Dugway's scientific director and two other military witnesses, Reuss asked:

"Why do we fool around with all of these very destructive elements which so far seem to have added nothing to the security of America but seem to be poisoning our environment and have resulted in a very considerable kill of livestock in Utah last year?"

(Silence.)

Reuss: Just tell us in lay language what we are up to here.

(Silence.)

Reuss: What's the strategic posture? How are we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to use these plagues, biological weapons, and these nerve gases?

(Silence.)

Other witnesses had sharp criticism of the much-publicized Dugway safety report issued by a panel of experts, headed by Surgeon General William H. Stewart, six months after the sheep kill. The witnesses, most of them academicians with no military connections, told the Reuss subcommittee that the report's recommendations did not effectively impair the Army's ability to test lethal chemicals in the Utah desert. They agreed that human beings could be endangered by the testing, even if the recommendations were in full force. A meterologist told of serious shortcomings in the weather predicting facilities at Dugway and also agreed that there was no way to prevent high winds from sweeping up nerve gas particles hours after a test and depositing them as much as 100 miles downwind.

No consensus was reached – or sought – by the subcommittee during the hearing, but Reuss ordered the Army to provide 24 hours notice before future CBW field tests. He noted, too, with some disappointment, that "This subcommittee has no legislative concern with the justification or lack of justification for chemical warfare posture."

It's now clear that the US is testing virulent and lethal biological agents in the open, despite dangers. One source recently told me that testing of such agents is being conducted somewhere over waters in the South Pacific. In addition, there are test facilities for CBW agents in Panama, Alaska, and Greenland. US sponsored CBW research has been conducted in Malaysia, Japan, England, Ireland, Canada, Sweden, Cyprus, Australia, Germany, and Taiwan.

On-campus CBW research also continues, despite the hue and cry over such contracts. How many students at the University of Florida know their Agriculture College has been aiding the Air Force CBW unit at Elgin AFB, determine the effects of field testing with CBW agents and simulants upon the plant and animal life of the test area? How many students at the University of Pennsylvania, where protests led to the cancellation of two CBW contracts two years ago, know that the Medical School has been helping the Army determine the threshold doses of some potential warfare agents in humans?

Reflections of an Ex-Priest

Where's the Church Headed?

by John J. McManmon

The history of my becoming a priest is typical. I was born in Chicago in 1932. My father, an Irish immigrant with an eighth grade education, was a street-car conductor on the old red cars of the Chicago Surface Lines. My mother, born in Boston soon after her parents arrived here from Ireland, was the third eldest of eleven children, two of whom died either in childbirth or infancy, I'm not sure which. The eldest of the children became a nun. In the fall of 1938 I entered Our Lady of Mercy grammar school on the northwest side of Chicago (where I learned from my peers how to hate Jews and blacks) and was taught for eight years by pious nuns, themselves mostly immigrants from Ireland, Poland, or Germany, or from immigrant families like my own. Few of the good sisters, I'm sure, had more than a high-school education. When I was 11 my father died, and my mother, sister, and I were thereupon evicted from the house we were renting from our good Irish Catholic relatives. So the priesthood, though put to me all those years as something to be sought for only the holiest of motives and then only after the call of God, was now also presented (with the cynical subtlety that only a believing peasant mother can manage) as the surest and safest means to education, security and status in this life, and happiness with Him in the next.

Accordingly, on September 4, 1946, at the age of 14, with about 80 other boys from backgrounds like my own and about 15 or 20 veterans back from Europe and the Pacific (a high proportion of both groups, I was later to discover, came from homes that had been fatherless for one reason or other), I entered Holy Cross Seminary, a pleasant vine-clad building above St. Mary's Lake on the campus of the University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Notre Dame, where Frank Leahy and Johnny Lujack were then co-presidents. After four years in the high-school seminary where I received a genuinely fine classical and literary education, I entered the novitiate and somehow survived the silence and emasculating discipline of that interminable year, (one spoke only two hours a day during the novitiate and was advised always to learn the will of the master of novices almost before he himself did). But the year *was* effective, for it either broke your spirit, or you left. The following August, I pronounced the first of three one-year vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and in September returned to Notre Dame to pursue college work while residing at Moreau Seminary, also on the campus. The college seminarian majored in philosophy and received a heavy dose of Latin and, if he was sufficiently promising, Greek. In August 1954, never having had a penny at my disposal, never having even touched a girl, never having stayed out later than 10 or 11 o'clock, but nevertheless right on the schedule set up by the Council of Trent four hundred years earlier, I pronounced forever the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. In June 1955 I graduated from Notre Dame and then went to Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C. Four years later, I was ordained priest, along with about ten others who had stuck it out from the first day in 1946, plus some others who had joined us along the way.

The following September found me assigned to Notre Dame to obtain a Master's degree. The next year I was encouraged and allowed to seek admission to the graduate school at the University of Chicago, was accepted, received a Ph.D in 1965, and returned to Notre Dame to teach English.

But, after two years of membership in what may be the world's most disenfranchised class of human beings, that is, priest-professor (the idea had sounded inspiring ten years earlier when I read Sertillange's *La vie intellectuelle*), I decided to conclude many things begun at Chicago and petitioned Rome for a decree of laicization. I would have left without official laicization, but some friends in the order convinced me that I had an obligation to them and others to do my bit in making things as pointed and difficult as possible for the ecclesiastical establishment: the dissent of priests, so obvious now, was just then emerging. When my decree of laicization came through, it explicitly reminded me of my obligation to celibacy. Rome preferred (I suppose it still does) that the priest leave and marry against the law, and then seek absolution and permission to marry (kept secret of course). So, in June 1966, with the crisp decree of laicization in hand, I left the priesthood that had been my identity for all those years, and Notre Dame which had been my home since the age of 14 and which I loved greatly. As I reached the dull, flat outskirts of South Bend, I wept. The only metaphor I can think of is that of the umbilical cord being cut. The next month, much to my genuine surprise, I married; then went to Los Angeles, where I taught at UCLA for two years. Now, ironically, I teach at a campus full of Irish and Italian last names and strongly Catholic influences.

Except for those years of graduate education, my experience is, for all practical purposes, identical to that of most priests between the ages of 33 and 45 (and even many who are older, and perhaps a small number of those younger, especially if they are from the Irish and Polish ghettos of the large Eastern cities), a generation characterized by its vivid consciousness of the immigrant Catholic Church of the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century but not really part of it, and thus not driven by the minority passions and secure identity which made previous generations of American priests so fiercely obsessed with the Church and their own national origins. It is dangerous to generalize, but I believe the present American Roman clergy can be classified thus: (1) the eldest generation, whose members comprise the majority of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, monsignori, pastors, and college and university administrators; (2) the middle generation, 33-45, who, if they are not leaving the Church in confusion and guilt, or immobilized by thoughts of doing so, are sharply divided between devoted and courageous men like Father Groppi and the Berrigans, trying to make the Church and the priesthood relevant; and those who, for whatever reasons – sincerity, fear, ambition, indifference – are resisting change or are content to follow the party lines as curates or rising administrators of parishes, dioceses, and Catholic colleges and universities; (3) the new generation of seminarians and priests, a frightening threat to the Church establishment, because they have been greatly influenced by the dissent around them – the civil rights movement, the peace movement, the hippies – and who are well versed in the methods of civil disobedience.

Among priests of any generation I was fortunate, fortunate to have entered – thanks to an eighth-grade teacher, an ancient Irish nun who was an avid Notre Dame football fan – a predominantly teaching order, the Congregation of Holy Cross, which owns and used to operate Notre Dame. Thus, I did get a first-class education. Most people are unaware that a large number of men leaving the priesthood today are not only without any sort of profession or specialized training, but also lack legitimate high-school diplomas and college degrees. They were trained in high school, college, and theological seminaries run by orders or by bishops who never bothered to get their schools accredited. An ex-priest friend of mine who, after 13 years of what the world considers to be a reasonably decent educa-

---

John J. McManmon *teaches English literature at the State University of New York, Geneseo.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, now finds himself a college sophomore; he never received a degree from his unaccredited college seminary. In fact, he was lucky he did not have to repeat his high school and freshman year of college. His plight is characteristic of many, perhaps a majority, of priests leaving the priesthood. I might add that their plight indicates not only the unconscionable shortsightedness of their former superiors in the Church, but also the rigidity of our college and university graduate admission policies. Many of these former priests, as my university colleagues could discover from a simple interview, would make top-notch graduate students right now in philosophy, religion, English, sociology. Business also is missing an opportunity in not tapping the potential of these men, who are experienced in dealing with people and generally are of unusual integrity and discipline.

I was also fortunate in belonging to an order whose superiors treated me, in my severance from the order and the priesthood, with sophistication, respect, and dignity – unlike the treatment given many of my ex-priest acquaintances by their dioceses and orders. It is almost impossible to imagine how much a priest's leaving threatens his fellow priests and his superiors, and how vindictively they will react to this threat, all in the guise of preserving the honor of Mother Church or the salvation of their brother's soul. For example, a friend of mine who was leaving the Redemptorists, an order whose main work is to operate parishes, preach retreats, and work in missionary countries, was whisked off in secret and by legerdemain to the mental ward of a Catholic hospital in Milwaukee, where he was held incommunicado for almost two weeks, until finally a friend discovered his whereabouts and was able to persuade a lawyer that this was *actually* happening in the United States in the 1960's. The lawyer promptly went to the hospital and threatened to obtain a court order for release of the man. Naturally, he was released immediately. My friend's respect and love for some who were still in the Redemptorists kept him from suing the order.

More disturbing are cases in which bishops and religious superiors abandon ex-priests even when they are seriously disturbed and perhaps menaces to society: they have sinned, let them go into the exterior darkness to receive the divine punishment. If a priest who has left desires to return to his diocese or religious order, gothic ecclesiastical legislation, carefully overseen from Rome, requires that he spend time in some sort of house of penance. A few of these men are badly in need of treatment, for alcoholism or homosexuality, for example. However, just as in a real prison, the sick and the healthy are thrown together. One acquaintance of mine, a former inmate and now two-time loser (the word these places seem to prefer to inmate is "guest") may not have been exaggerating when he told me that if one isn't an alcoholic or drug addict when one enters, he has a good chance of becoming one before he leaves.

To the future of the Church I am completely indifferent. Why? Those in the Church will respond by saying I have lost the gift of faith by my recalcitrance. I suppose, finally, that the Church's profound irrelevance and lack of integrity are responsible for my indifference. The continuing refusal, for example, of the American hierarchy to come out strongly against the Vietnam war is a perfect illustration of the compromises with the powers of the world which the Church has always made in the name of its divinely bestowed wisdom and teaching authority, or in the name of giving to Caesar the things which are his. The Church cannot tolerate the Catsonville Nine, or a Dr. Spock, or the Panther in the ghetto streets outside opulent rectories; or at best it willfully misunderstands them and so prays for them to see God's will residing in the civil authorities. Where is the integrity of the Church, when in the official persons of Cardinals O'Boyle and McIntyre, it threatens to silence theologians (and in effect, if not by intention, destroy free inquiry) at Catholic University for voicing their criticism of the encyclical on birth control?

Which brings me to a main point of these observations. The tendency among the rank and file liberal Catholics, whether clerical or lay, is to see their growing influence over the hierarchy as a favorable development. But the tyranny of the Church of the future – if what is now happening in the United States is any indication – will have its source in the majority of its members. For, in order to survive at all, the Church, like any institution that cannot depend on arms for its power, must embody and legislate the wishes and ideals of the majority. The new tyranny in the Catholic Church will result from the combining of two forces – the force of the Church's administration struggling to insure its survival by surrendering more and more power to the ordinary clergy and laity, and the force of its members protecting (by institutionalizing them) the ideals and values which they consider to be Catholic. Thus the Church will evolve into a characteristically modern democratic institution. It is impossible to predict the forms which the Church's new tyranny will take, but presumably – again if the American Church is an example – they will in part be affirmations or impositions, under religious guise, of the values and ideals and policies of the culture and state with which it is naturally and necessarily co-existing. To the extent that the Church moves towards democracy it will not only be moving even further from the spirit of Christ, but from many of its own traditional positions, such as those regarding clerical celibacy and birth control. Consequently, the membership of the Church will be once again homogeneous – in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

values and probably in color: but now it will be homogeneous because the Church will be representing the ideals of its members, not because its members will be carrying out the ideals of the Church. Those who would have differed will long since have resigned.

However, 1984 has not yet arrived, and the tyranny of the Church is still largely monarchical and remains a force in American society, as evidenced by the recent failure to reform the abortion law in New York State. Of the commission of 20 chosen to investigate the need for reform, 10 were Roman Catholics, and a brother of the commission's chairman was a Roman Catholic priest. A Catholic's willful and knowing submission to, performance of, or conspiracy in abortion results in his automatic excommunication. There are many priests and bishops who would not hesitate to remind Catholic members of the commission or the legislature of this fact. Parts of an editorial in the Rochester *Times-Union* (April 21, 1960) are pertinent.

> "For legislators to vote down a bill which those who establish Catholic Church policy want killed, is really no trick at all. Indeed no progress was made in liberalizing the state's even more aging divorce law, until serious Catholic objections were withdrawn.
>
> "It is possible that a Catholic veto some day won't be crucial, but that day will not come in the case of abortion until its proponents can somehow match the zeal of the opposition."

Clerical celibacy – and the related issue of birth control – is emerging, however, as the issue through which the will of the monarchy will be undermined by the will of the majority. It is curious that the decline of Rome's absolute dominance should be tied to sexual matters, so unimportant in the teachings of Christ. Yet it is precisely in the history of celibacy that we see the Church as merely one more institution fulfilling the needs of its members. One of the essays in defense of celibacy in a recent issue of *America* exposes not only the sexual naivete of the author, a professor in a Jesuit seminary, but also the author's unconscious perception of himself as beleaguered, on the verge of being irrelevant, especially to the young, and so in danger of becoming extinct.

The fact is that 1,500 years of sexual psychosis – blame it on St. Paul, St. Augustine, the natural disposition of the Western mind, whatever you will – forces the Catholic to view sex, at best, as morally inferior to non-sex. Over the centuries the practitioner of non-sex, the celibate, has developed, however unconsciously and in spite of many protestations to the contrary, increasingly sophisticated and effective ways of convincing the practitioner of sex that his way of life does not measure up to the perfect ideal of Christ. Thus, the celibate was able to maintain his teaching authority with an argument something like this: only the perfect can teach in and rule the Church; but only the celibate is perfect; therefore, only the celibate can teach in and rule the Church. In order to assure the propagation of his power and his species, the celibate was naturally inclined to assign to his celibacy such noble sounding reasons as "for the Kingdom of God," "for the Glory of the Church," for the purity of the Faith," and, today's version – see *America* – "for Christian witness." The illiterate peasant, lord, knight, duke, even king, filled with a sense of guilt over his own indulgence, sensing a magic about the virgin, needing examples of chastity and virtue for a vicarious sort of virtue of his own, were hardly in a position to disagree.

Nevertheless, the first dramatic sign of an emerging democratization of the Roman Catholic Church will come in the change of the law of clerical celibacy, to say nothing of changes that will follow in the directly related Catholic morality on birth control. A very recent example is the statement by 31 priests of the diocese of Brookyn, who announced in a press conference that they no longer considered the law of clerical celibacy binding on anyone.

When the obligation of clerical celibacy is finally removed, clergy and laity will find themselves beset with a simple problem which they are not facing: a married clergy will be far more inaccessible than an unmarried clergy. In order to be as actively engaged in his priesthood as he was when unmarried, the priest will find himself short-changing his wife and family, as does the executive deeply committed to his corporation. The priest will be caught between the pull of his family and the pull of parishioners, a new experience for all concerned. As one who worked as a priest for seven years, I can honestly say that I could never perform the work of priest according to the ideals of centuries, and carry on the equally engaging activity of husband, lover, and father. There are undoubtedly some men who could do this, but I suggest they are few and far between. It is this common sense realization that was originally responsible for the emergence of the practice of celibacy by priests who were not monks. The advocates of clerical celibacy would be wiser and more honest to base their position on the need of the priest to be mobile and free in his priestly ministry. Such an approach would clarify the real issues for the whole Church and make it logical to remove the law, replace it with a voluntary celibacy that is recognized for what it is – merely practical – and perhaps slow down the disastrous decline in seminary enrollment. It would be wise also for those advocates of a married clergy to face the possibility that the kinds of ideals of sex and marriage on which they are basing their arguments may be equally as unrealistic and subliminally self-righteous as the ideals of priestly celibacy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films:

Midnight Cowboy
United Artists

John Schlesinger has made a film of James Leo Herlihy's novel (1965), which I reviewed elsewhere. The works are sufficiently alike so that I won't paraphrase, I'll quote some of my review of the book:

> "Joe Buck is a twenty-five-year-old Southwesterner, an illegitimate child who was brought up by his wayward grandmother. After her death, he makes his way, eventually, to New York in a new cowboy outfit (although he has never been a cowhand), believing that he can earn a fortune studding for rich ladies. But he is not a knowledgable operator; he is an ignorant, likeable gull. He has never really had a friend and has never really been taught anything. All he confidently knows is the sexual act, and he has believed the myths he has heard about the use he can make of his youthful vigor in the big town. Those myths have filled the vacuum in him of knowledge and ideals.
>
> "He arrives in New York to take and, of course, is taken . . . but in the course of all this, he makes the first friend of his life – a runty, crippled Italian-American pickpocket-pimp from the Bronx."

Herlihy's compassionate but relatively unsentimental American-*Candide* style made the book bloom like a flower in the gutter. Schlesinger has understood the book; with intelligence, flourish, and extraordinary skill, he has made an unusually moving film.

His first decision, apparently, was not to tell the story straight. Possibly because he has a visitor's eye, Schlesinger, an Englishman, chose to make a film of present-day American culture with Joe's story as the dominant element in it. The very first sounds we hear are pistol shots and hoofs, and the camera pulls back from a white screen to reveal that it *is* a white screen – in an empty Texas drive-in by day. Then, as a tingling, taking song called *Everybody's Talkin'* comes on strong, we see Joe Buck in his room preening to leave, intercut with the diner and the boss that he is leaving. (Hugh A. Robertson's editing and Pablo Ferro's graphic effects are first-class.) Soon Joe is on the New York bus. Sharp flashbacks indicate who and why Joe is, and there are also sharp flashes out Joe's window of bare yet garish roadside America. (The Texas of *Hud* comes inescapably to mind and, as if to confirm this, a Paul Newman poster later comes out of Joe's suitcase.) Joe's transistor radio, his electronic rosary, is always in his hands, telling *him* instead of vice versa. As he enters New York, we "see" the faces of women in a street-interview radio show and soon we are really in the streets. A constant weave of Broadway doorways, weather-and-time signs, neon ads, and thick yellow slices of taxi blob soon envelops Joe and quickly converts him into some more flotsam in the jetsam.

Schlesinger's sense of pace is so fine that the whirling surface of the film is quite firm; and of course, part of that sense is knowing when to slow down, when to let a scene breathe. In his methods he has at least two hallmarks. One, which I noted in his first feature *A Kind of Loving* (1962), is the use of subsidiary action to keep a patch of dialogue from getting static. Example: Joe and his friend Ratso are talking in a luncheonette and, at the counter far behind them, a strident woman is telling someone an irrelevant story that we never quite hear but that contributes life to the scene. And Schlesinger likes to begin a sequence with a close-up of some oblique motion that slides us into the center. Example: we follow two drinks on a tray that end up on a sidewalk-café table just as Joe and Ratso pass. And the very way that Ratso enters this film is an inspired touch. After the picture is well along, after we have actually forgotten that Dustin Hoffman is one of the stars, the camera slides down a crowded Broadway bar, until it reaches Joe. Then we realize that the person next to Joe is not one more extra, it is Hoffman as Ratso, who strikes up a conversation and launches himself into the story. It's not only a nice twist on Schlesinger's oblique device, it also, figuratively, binds the New York environment closer to Joe.

Schlesinger, an ex-actor, is good with actors. Jon Voight makes his screen debut as Joe, and he is excellent. I've been admiring Voight's theater performances for the past several years. (He was Rodolpho in the off-Broadway production of *View from the Bridge*, for which Hoffman was assistant stage manager and understudy!) Here Voight creates the peculiar innocence of this pubic Parsifal, a man who knows he has set out on an immoral profession but who is completely goodhearted, who reacts directly, even naively, to everything. (As compared with Ratso, who "translates" everything coming in his ears and going out his mouth.) There is never a moment's doubt of Joe's reality, principally because of the way Voight uses his eyes: like a child. And he has caught perfectly the Texan speech; listen to the I's when he says "Sally." The film is Joe's drama, and Voight has all the resources to keep him interesting, vulnerable, true.

Except for a short, this is Dustin Hoffman's first screen appearance since *The Graduate*. He has chosen shrewdly and he plays Ratso shrewdly. There isn't a young character actor around who wouldn't pay for the chance to play the part: a crippled guttersnipe, tricky but winning, who has green teeth and lank dirty hair, and who, to top it all, is dying of consumption – an actor's dream. Hoffman utilizes all these assets well; he proves again that he is versatile and gifted, no Mike Nichols creation (although Nichols certainly helped him). He has a central vision of Ratso which he has worked out, as he always does, to the last small physical habit. (I saw him again the other night as the crabbed St. Petersburg clerk in the NET production of *Journey of the Fifth Horse* and, besides different makeup and voice, I swear he had different arms.) Here he sometimes uses fairly facile means to get laughs at his commonness, something like a revue-sketch performer playing a New York tough. But the light in his eyes is true weasel light; his discovery of brotherhood is grudgingly real; and the key moments, far beyond the reach of any night-club mimic, are beautiful. I won't easily forget Hoffman shivering on the cot in their dingy room, saying fearfully to Joe, "Hey, don't get sore . . . but I don't think I can walk any more."

Sylvia Miles gives sexy brass to a call

(Continued on page 33)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Thomas Samuels: Dead Center

Mr. Bridge
by Evan S. Connell, Jr.

(Knopf; $5.95)

Evan Connell makes things so difficult for himself that it is almost cruel to be critical. To begin with, he is austere in his choice of subjects. His first novel, *Mrs. Bridge* (1959), is the character study of a Midwestern clubwoman leading a dull, unfulfilled life, whose pathos she resolutely ignores. Such a figure could scarcely appeal to reputation-makers drawn to Connell because he had published interesting stories in magazines like *The Paris Review*. Moreover, *Mrs. Bridge* embodies its supererogatory theme (the emptiness of middle America) in a style, adhering strictly to the heroine's viewpoint, that precludes eloquence and, sometimes, pertinence as well.

Not surprisingly, his second novel (*The Patriot*, 1960) was widely dismissed because its subject (the life of a congenital incompetent) was equally unappealing, and even less sophisticated critics, who found merit in *Mrs. Bridge*, were now bored by Connell's relentless march down the *via media*. His third novel, *The Diary of a Rapist* (1966), seems a deliberate departure; but its hero, Earl Summerfield, is merely a more violently disposed instance of ineptitude. Morbidly brooding on his menial status and bad marriage, Summerfield vents his spleen in an act of rape, which, however, he may only have imagined and which is, in any case, undescribed. After having been locked for 200 pages in the fixated consciousness of a paranoid *schlepp*, readers understandably yearned for some action, so that omitting the rape was a tactical error. As a result, only critics seeing some parallel between Summerfield and the outer world (whose crimes he lovingly follows in the newspapers) found any interest in the book.

Everything Connell writes is competent, but none of his previous books is enough like another to persuade us that we must grant his subjects and dwell on his style. *Mrs. Bridge* is written in colorless prose, but *Rapist* recalls Celine. In his stories Connell moves from porno-baroque (in the Muhlbach tales from *At the Crossroads*) to arch *New Yorker*. One of his books was so unexpected (*Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*) that critics couldn't decide whether it was poetry or prose.

Like many of his contemporaries, Connell is no storyteller. Writers like Roth and Bellow, however, find cunning facades for their jerry-built structures (through Portnoy's psychoanalysis or Herzog's letters), whereas Connell is ingenuous in disguising his inability to construct a tale. *Mrs. Bridge* is written in a series of very short chapters (some paragraph-long) that simply slice up the heroine's life, while *The Diary* employs the oldest and least convincing plot evasion known to literature.

Evan Connell, then, is a novelist who can't construct stories about uninteresting or remote people told in characterless prose. Why give him any attention? Because in everything he writes, he is admirably serious and painstaking and because, like a character actor who disappears into his role, Connell always has the potential for turning imitation into insight. All he needed was a good part, which he has found in *Mr. Bridge*.

Well, not precisely *found*. *Mr. Bridge* doesn't merely retell the Bridge saga from the husband's point of view; it makes use of the form and many of the earlier book's incidents in the way that a late-model car makes use of an earlier one's engine. The effect is not so much of Proustian refinement eventuating in discovery as of planned obsolescence. This is not deplorable, however, because the second *Bridge* novel is so much better than the first.

Most simply, it is better because it is about a man. Showing barrenness in the life of a woman – without job or children, self-scrutiny or spiritual movement of any vigor – is showing nothing that admits development or surprise. Because *Mr. Bridge* must make a living and engage the world, his inner life reflects more counterforce. Furthermore, in *Mrs. Bridge* absence of tension leads Connell to fill the void with TV situation comedy. By contast, *Mr. Bridge* is grey and astringent, its rare comic moments laughter in the dark. In every way, Mr. Bridge is more complex than his wife and more representative of something fundamental in his country.

Successful lawyer and rockbound Republican, Walter Bridge stands at the center of American life, reached at too high a cost. Born poor, he has escaped his past through an ascension that is really flight. Money has become the only way to affirm his growth. Because he has studied market fluctuations and not the heart's movement, he can only express his deep family feeling by bestowing gifts. Recognizing that he is only a breadwinner to his children, he can scarcely make deeper contact with his wife: "He needed to let her know how deeply he felt her presence while they were lying together during the night, as well as each morning, when they awoke and in the evening when he came home. However, he could think of nothing appropriate." Nor can he find love elsewhere; his secretary wants him, but he is afraid to "get involved."

Isolated from what he loves by his desire to "make it," he cannot even enjoy his success: he would like to buy a Cadillac, but he fears flaunting before his neighbors so ostentatious a car. Obsessed with security, his obsession keeps him from attaining it; while his friends multiply their fortunes by investing in growth stock, Bridge too prudently holds back. His pursuit of the Protestant ethic earns him a lovely house in a "good neighborhood," but he sleeps with a gun under his pillow. He is fearful of Negroes, though sen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRUCIAL BOOKS FOR A CRITICAL TIME

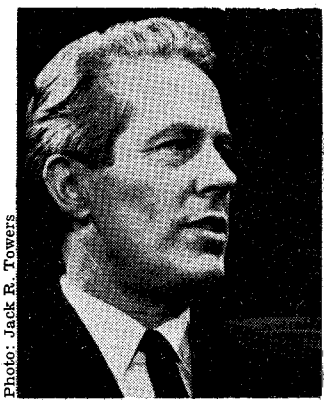


Photo: Jack R. Towers

STUDENTS WITHOUT TEACHERS
The Crisis in the University
Harold Taylor

Former President of Sarah Lawrence, Mr. Taylor speaks out for the student revolutionaries on campus. He sees their outbursts as a measure of our failure, outlines ways in which we can harness their free-floating student power for reforms and innovations in which we, the older generation, believe but cannot implement. $7.95

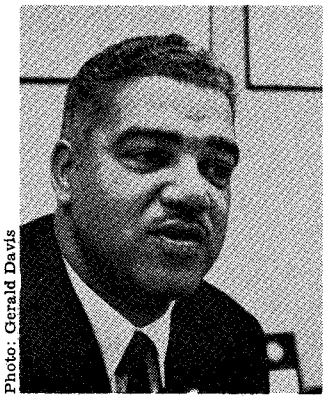


Photo: Gerald Davis

BEYOND RACISM
Whitney M. Young, Jr.
Author of *To Be Equal*

The division of America into two societies—one white and affluent, one black and poor—is intolerable, writes Mr. Young. Not only because it is unjust and immoral, but because neither society could survive. *There can be change; it can be done,* says the Executive Director of the National Urban League, if each and every one of us will fight for an America beyond racism. $6.95

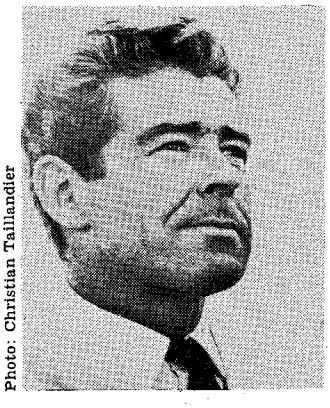


Photo: Christian Tailliandier

THE SPIRIT OF MAY
Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber

Where and why did Charles de Gaulle go wrong? The distinguished editor of L'Express —who denounced Gaullist policies in *The American Challenge*—sees the 1968 revolution as a result of years of wrong-headedness, and the possible dawn of a new France and a new Europe.
$4.95 hardcover / $2.45 paperback

Photo: Rowohlt Verlag

OBSOLETE COMMUNISM:
The Left-Wing Alternative
Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit

The revolution has swept Paris, Madrid, Tokyo, Los Angeles, New York, Cambridge—and your neighborhood school. The brothers who led the French students explain why the young are in revolt, why they feel betrayed by Right, Left, and Center—and outline what the young intend to do about it. "An important work." —*Saturday Review,* $5.95

bestsellers come from
McGRAW-HILL
Ada / The Joys of Yiddish

timental toward them, and so terrified of Jews that he has grudging sympathy with Hitler. Mr. Bridge is something like a Gentile Portnoy, kept by his upbringing from enjoying what his upbringing made him passionately desire.

But, as there is not in Roth's hero, there is another side to Walter Bridge. One of his daughters has followed his footsteps to the point of avarice, and he is repelled by her. Another takes the path of sloth and lust, but she is the apple of his eye – so much so that in a really shocking scene, one of those rare moments when Connell attains high drama, Bridge sees the girl fornicating but cannot upbraid her. Acknowledging incestuous desire, he also recognizes the appeal of some "strange darkness in her which he could also feel in himself." Despite his money-hunger, he treats numerous clients without fees. Whenever a disturbing thought appears, he tries to repress it, but this only shows the alertness of his consciousness.

However, *Mr. Bridge* shares faults with its companion novel. The glimpse-of-life form produces redundancy, and Connell is not selective enough. Though the book is scrupulously realistic, melodrama occasionally obtrudes, as when the secretary makes her ludicrous confession of love. *Mr. Bridge,* which is laid in the thirties, strives, unlike the earlier novel, for a historical dimension, but despite the appearance of brand names and contemporary radio shows, the action, with its frequent emphasis on race relations and youthful rebellion, has the feel of the sixties.

These deficiencies are at least counterbalanced by a real artistic achievement. *Mrs. Bridge* is little but a series of *tableaux vivants; Mr. Bridge* makes this form incremental by exploiting the possibilities of cross-reference. I will cite only one example. In the book's funniest scene, Mr. Bridge is confronted by a robber on his way home from work. *Comme il faut,* the man appears, "one hand thrust into the slit pocket of a shabby trench coat," and orders Mr. Bridge to part with his cash, whereupon the hero says " 'Don't be ridiculous,' " and huffily departs. In a later chapter, when he is lecturing his son on prudence, he tells the boy never to resist a robbery because his grandfather lost his life by refusing to surrender his money to an armed bandit. What was merely comic is now a reve-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation about Mr. Bridge's obsession. Redundant, uneven, written in a prose that is seldom more than serviceable, *Mr. Bridge* nevertheless adds up to a moving portrait of a minor tragedy. At the end of the novel, Mr. Bridge himself almost understands this:

> "He asked himself if he had ever known [joy]. If so, he could not remember. But he thought he must have known it because he understood the connotation, which would be impossible without having experienced. it. However, if he had once known joy it must have been a long time ago. Satisfaction, yes, and pleasure of several sorts, and pride, and possibly a feeling which might be called "rejoicing" after some serious worry or problem had been resolved. There were many such feelings, but none of them could be called "joy." He remembered enthusiasm, hope, and a kind of jubilation or exultation. Cheerfulness, yes, and joviality, and the brief gratification of sex. Gladness, too, fullness of heart, appreciation, and many other emotions. But not joy. No, that belonged to simpler minds."

Joseph Epstein: The Small-Eyed Poet

Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings Edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade

(Harcourt, Brace & World; $8.95)

Through most of his life E. E. Cummings painted during the day and wrote poetry at night. He described himself as "an author of pictures, a draughtsman of words." But the essential point about Cummings is that he was an artist not merely full-time or even overtime, but all the time. Art, for him, admitted of no distractions. Unlike other modern artists, poets and painters, Cummings appears to have been unable to compartmentalize his life, to come to any workable comprise with his art. Apart from his poetry readings, some stray journalism, and a year as a visiting lecturer at Harvard, he held only one formal job in his life: after leaving college in 1916, he answered letters elicited by advertisements for the mail-order division of P. F. Collier and Son – a task he later compared unfavorably with imprisonment in a French concentration camp during World War I. E. E. Cummings was America's last bohemian, at a time when bohemianism meant not some nonsense about "doing one's thing" but a passionate and total commitment to a life of art.

The *Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings*, ably edited by Professors Dupee and Stade, reinforce this impression of Cummings' life, and give a surer sense than hitherto of his courage and faults, neither of which were petty. Like his poetry, like his painting, indeed like his entire life, Cummings' letters are remarkably of a piece. His style was unmistakable – was in fact, not just the message but the man himself. He was not, it must be said, a high practitioner of what Dr. Johnson called The Great Epistolick Art. His letters are thin in the way of anecdotage, gossip, vivisection of contemporaries, and all the other elements of life in the great world that generally constitute the life-blood of the classic letter writers. Cummings' letters are extremely readable, but for different reasons. For

Culture Change Mental Health & Poverty

Edited by Joseph Finney

"The proceedings of scholarly conferences are often published and rarely read. Generally they deserve their oblivion. An exception is this collection of a dozen brief papers and four lively discussions, which outlines the major problems and theoretical differences that underlie psychological and sociological approaches to culture change. The participants—a group of behavioral and social scientists—were all committed to the need for change in the lifeways of such diverse groups as Appalachian welfare recipients, urban Puerto Ricans, Hawaiian minority groups and African tribesmen.

Anthropologist John Honigmann's fear of imposing the values of middle-class America on other cultures set the tone for the discussions; it contrasted sharply with educator Joseph Finney's insistence that Western science could determine absolute standards of health or illness applicable to members of all cultures. Many participants, committed to cultural relativism, pluralism and diversity were uneasily aware that in using social science concepts they might be unwittingly forcing people to conform to Western ideals. Most hotly debated subjects were the role of the Peace Corps, the value of faith healing as opposed to Western medicine, the virtues of the culture of poverty and whether or not psychoses were always "worse than" neuroses from the point of view of either the individual or his society."—*New York Times Book Review*

Available at bookstores or from the publisher. $7.95

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON 40506

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one, his surpassing wit, which derived from a supremely playful mind and is rarely absent from even his briefest note, is a regular source of enjoyment; for another, his letters pass the simple test for all good letters – namely, with a few abrasive exceptions, they must have been a pleasure to receive. But far from throwing much light on the world of his time, they tend more to focus on the intensely private life of an altogether unique poet.

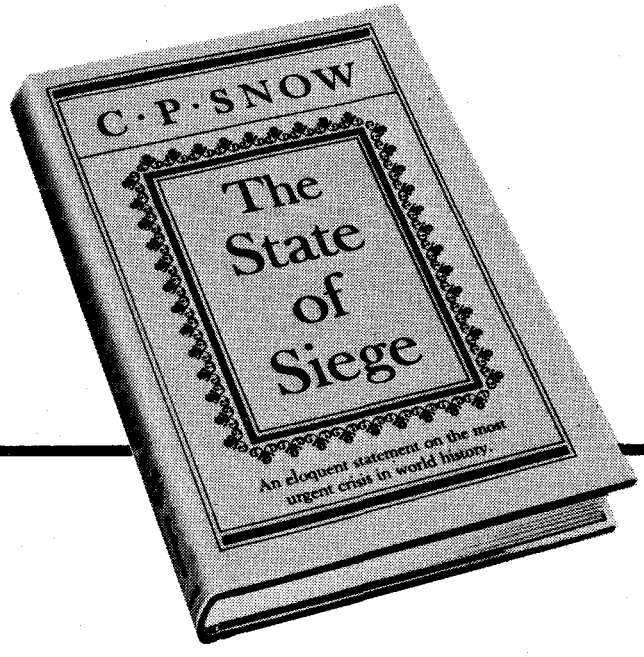
Edward Estlin Cummings was born in Cambridge in 1894, went to Harvard, saw World War I briefly as a "gentleman-volunteer" in the famous Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, lived off and on in Paris in the twenties, was an early and valued contributor to *The Dial* during its greatest day – and thus, technically at least, would in every way seem to qualify as a member in good standing of Gertrude Stein's "Lost Generation." Yet at closer view few men have perhaps ever been less intrinsically "lost" than Cummings. He was well-born in the best sense of the phrase: to parents who were loving, tolerant, and encouraging. His father taught at Harvard and later succeeded Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country*, as pastor of the South Congregational Church, Unitarian, in Boston. Like Alexander Pope's father, Dr. Cummings pretty much let his son go his own way, though, once on that way, supported him down the line. It was his father who insisted that Cummings write about his experiences at the French concentration camp at La Ferté Macé, which resulted in *The Enormous Room*, a book Dr. Cummings saw through the agonies of publication, including a fight for his son's right to profanity, while Edward was off living in Paris.

William James introduced Cummings' father to his mother. Of his mother, the poet wrote: "never have I encountered anyone more joyous, anyone healthier in body and mind, anyone so quite incapable of remembering a wrong, or anyone so completely and humanely and unaffectedly generous." Professors Dupee and Stade have included a large number of Cummings' letters to his parents in this volume, and they are a model of the kind of letters one should one day like to receive from one's own children: candid, considerate, and suffused with a rather old-fashioned, almost courtly, respect. When his mother died in 1947, Cummings wrote the following note to his friend Hildegarde Watson:

> an extraordinary human being, someone gifted with strictly indomitable courage,died some days ago.
> she was eightyseven,very deaf and partially paralyzed;young of heart and whole of spirit. In her will,she asked that her eyes(which had never failed her)be given to any blind person who through them might see. And her last letter to me and Marion(obviously written with supreme difficulty)ends "Please excuse this writing"
> such things I find wonderful;and, feeling that you love what is wonderful,I want to share my admiration with you

In some of these letters to his parents, especially those written from France during the War, another, less winning aspect of Cummings is revealed. Although in his poetry Cummings was always to come down on the side of the underdog and the individual, a strident elitism seems also to have been a part of his nature. He divided people up rather more rigidly than most between those who met his standards and those who were "dead from the neck up." Thus in 1917 he wrote to his parents from Paris: "The Englishmen anyway are a bunch of bums, worsened only by the Americans – who are the most abhorrent human tripe ever spilled from the swill can, tout et seul." John Dos Passos, who was a friend of Cummings from their days together at Harvard and who pays him great homage in his memoir, *The Best Times*, has also remarked on this quality in Cummings. "Tolerance," Dos Passos writes, "is not a New England vice. . . . He had the brahmin's disdain for anyone who didn't live up to specifications." Not

Just published and already in its third printing.



C. P. SNOW'S
eloquent warning on the world crisis in population
$2.95
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone among satirists, Cummings appears to have been somewhat fonder of mankind than of men.

At the same time, he was almost totally devoted to those people he had chosen as friends. His loyalty to Ezra Pound, especially after Pound's Rome radio broadcasts for Mussolini, was unwavering. He supported the beleaguered Pound in every way: in print, with money when he was ill (though Cummings had little enough himself), and with large doses of simple friendship. He showed the same tenderness to Joe Gould, a Harvard classmate who later became one of the most notorious of the Village madcaps and who eventually died, in 1957, busted in all but spirit, at Bellevue. On the subject of Gould, Cummings wrote to Pound:

> the question Is Joe Gould Crazy strike me as,putting it very mildly,irrelevant. For "crazy" implies either(crazy)or(not). And badold goodyoung either-or is okey for movie -i.e.2demensional- "minded" mobsters; be they "intellectuals" or be they "proletarians" or be they neither or be they both or etc. But Joe happens to be 3dimensional:i.e. human

Loyalty was not Cummings' sole gift to his friends. Another was his conversation. Dos Passos, Archibald MacLeish, and Burton Rascoe have all testified to the brilliance of his talk. "So long as he lived," Dos Passos wrote, "I never tired of Cummings' conversation." "I have never," MacLeish has said, "been so royally entertained in my life." Apparently Cummings could run on for hours, mixing erudition with obscenity, lines from advertising with lines from Catullus, useless trivia with true profundity. From all accounts something of the tone and marvelous comicality of his conversation is caught in this opening of a letter to his friend William Slater Brown:

> Thanks for the(fortunately)incompletely incoherent letter written while urinating upside down,at 13 o'clock somewhere between Westminster Abbey and Baffin Land with the aid of a fountain pen improvised from the foreskin of a lascivious hippopotamus and ink drawn at intervals of 52.194+ or — seconds from the reluctant scrotum of a tame or pet squid, into an umbrella-stand.

Yet for all of Cummings' exuberance, his life, though doubtless he was incapable of living in any other way, could not have been an easy one. As can be seen from his letter about Joe Gould, he lived out his days unarmored by the conventional categories and chose not to be at home to what for most men pass for home truths. As early as 1922, in a letter to his sister Elaine, he wrote: "Insofar as I am alive,I will be a son of a b. if anyone shall tell me 'what life is' or 'how to live'. For, if anyone can tell me these items,then,pray,what use is there in my living?" This credo sounds very youthful – it was written when he was only 28 – but he lived it all his life.

He lived it– and it cost him. For this credo, the credo of the original artist, required accepting the testimony of his eyes and his instincts to the exclusion of all else – and damn the consequences. He visited the Soviet Union in 1931, for example, and after his return wrote: "Are the Russian people happy? They struck me like this: they just love to suffer and they're suffering like hell, so they must be happy. You know, Dostoievsky." At a time when the Soviet Union was still the Valhalla of most American artists and intellectuals, skewering this particular literary cliché was not much appreciated nor very quickly forgiven. When he published his *Collected Poems* in 1938, the *Daily Worker* review noted: ". . . some bright Ph.D. might write a thesis on the Relation between Punctuation Marks and Reaction in the Poetry of E. E. Cummings."

Cummings' reputation as an anti-Communist, as indeed an all-round right-winger, endures to this day; and it is a reputation his letters prove to be largely misfounded. This man who despised all labels is not, it turns out, so easily labeled himself. It is, I think, more accurate to say he was against the state, any and all states, and hence was in the very loosest and least programmatic sense an anarchist. If he wrote to Pound of New York that it's "been colder than socialism here," or in one of his non-lectures remarked that "the hellless hell of compulsory heaven-on-earth emphatically isn't my pail of blueberries," he also wrote, when Pound asked him for 500 words on America for an Italian magazine, that he didn't care to expend so much effort "anent some at least 5th rate political whorehouse." Again, he saw nothing but vicious hypocrisy in America's revving up the peoples of Eastern Europe with promises of support in their fight for freedom, only to do nothing when the Hungarians, in 1956, took us at our word and revolted.

The *Selected Letters* also help disentangle one of the interesting paradoxes of Cummings' poetry: that he was one of America's most gifted lyrical as well as satirical poets, an odd, not to

---

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS *teaches English at Williams College.* JOSEPH EPSTEIN *is an editor of the* Encyclopaedia Britannica. WILLIAM SCHECHNER *is a member of the news and public affairs department of WBAI-M, and reports from Washington.* HERBERT GANS' *most recent book is* People and Plans.

COMMENTARY NR 11

For an understanding of our times
165 East 56th Street
New York, New York 10022

☐ Please send, FREE, the current issue of Commentary and enter my 7-month subscription for $5.50 (a saving of over 30% from the single copy price).

Name:_____
Address:_____
City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

☐ New ☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill Me

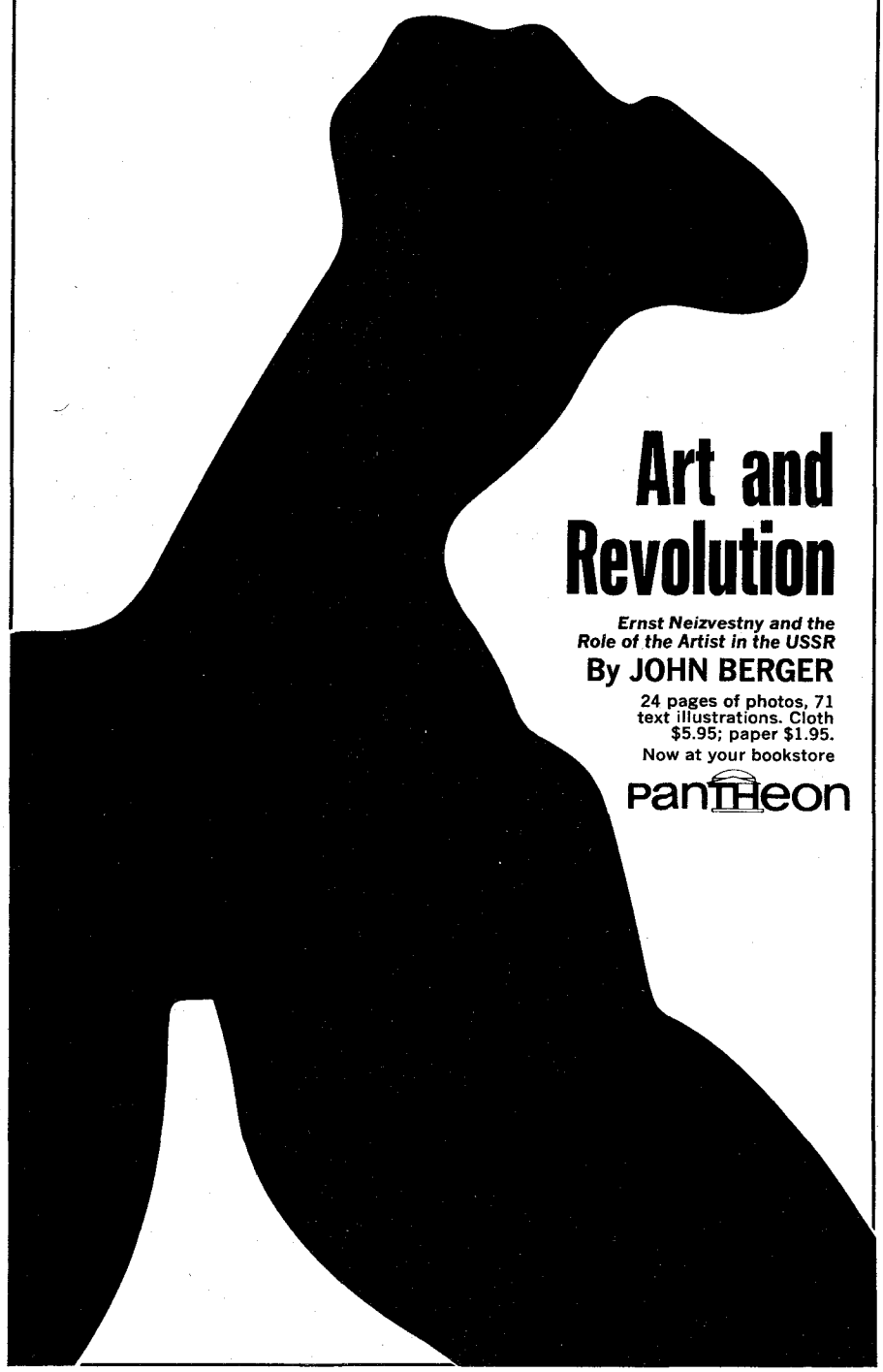
If you prefer the convenience and the economy of a longer subscription please check the appropriate box below:
☐ 12 months $9.00 ☐ 36 months $23.00
☐ 60 months $35.00

(Outside U.S.A.—$1.50 additional per year)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dog shit! Filth! Disgrace! Who is responsible for this?"

Nikita Khrushchev said this to the hero of John Berger's new book. Would he say it to Che Guevara? Discover with John Berger one of the great revolutionary artists of our time.



Art and Revolution

Ernst Neizvestny and the Role of the Artist in the USSR

By JOHN BERGER

24 pages of photos, 71 text illustrations. Cloth $5.95; paper $1.95.

Now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

say extraordinary, combination of poetic strengths. From the beginning he was a great admirer of nature, of animals and the countryside, of all in fact that had to do with life lived naturally. "Once le monde appeared," he wrote in a letter explaining his reading habits, "my books disappeared;almost." As early as possible in the spring he and his wife would leave their place in Greenwich Village to move to the small farm at Silver Lake, New Hampshire, his parents had left him, where they would remain as late as possible into autumn. He loved all that was alive; and "art," he wrote in an article for *Vanity Fair* in the 20's, "if it means anything, means TO BE INTENSELY ALIVE." His chief standard for judging poetry was its aliveness and intensity. He never much cared for Robert Frost's poetry, claiming it lacked "intensity"; and he never let up on T. S. Eliot, referring to him in these letters as "Tears Eliot" or, more wittily, "uncle tom."

Cummings wrote lyrically about all that he considered alive, and satirically about all that he saw as dead or deadening. As he grew older, more and more of life in America tended to fall into the latter category. He straightaway opposed science, viewing it as "fundamentally a depersonalizing leveller." American packaged food he called "Battle Creek seaweed." What most endeared his home in the Village to him was that it was "friendly, unscientific, private, human." He disliked publicity, and refused permission for a *New Yorker* profile as well as for a "Life Goes To A Garret type of hullaballoo via Messer Luce's murmurdons," and he turned down all radio interviews. His New Hampshire farm had no electricity till 1957, and after electricity was finally installed, no radio or television. There was not much about modern life that the most modern of American poets found attractive.

Although the world may not have been going his way, Cummings nonetheless remained undaunted. Because of his distaste for publicity, he didn't financially exploit his fame to the extent he might have, and consequently was often broke. Dupee and Stade have printed two letters in which he hit up his friend J. Sibley Watson for loans, and one is as suave a piece of mooching as has been recorded:

as Plato forgot to say to Aristotle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm trying to borrow money. This would be just simply lousy news in the best of milleniums; and merely much worse if the borrower could offer security collateral or what-haven'tI, instead of a vague possibility of inheriting 2 or 3 thousand dollars at some semicolon of a soi-disant world's hertory when half a hen's arse might well be worth its hollowness in hippopotami:however, honesty is the best poverty as Aristotle immediately answered Cummings had dash. More importantly, he had his art, which was his being, and it sustained him to the end. In the last year of his life he told his biographer Charles Norman, "I need at least another hundred years to finish my work." On September 2, 1962, 67-years-old, he died in a New Hampshire hospital from the effects of a cerebral hemmorhage. Like Olaf, the conscientious objector of his great poem, he was a holdout to the end – "more brave than me: more blond than you."

William Schechner: Police Power

Whitmore
by Fred C. Shapiro

(Bobbs-Merrill; $5.00)

As the father of one of the youths killed in Detroit's Algiers Motel told John Hersey, "Now you take the average Negro boy walking up and down the street, the police grabs him, hang his hands up side of the wall, go in his pockets, pull everything out he's got, kick him in the butt, turn him loose – he thinks he lucky because he's loose! Because he don't know no better."

Pressure is a normal and necessary part of police procedure; but applying it unfairly, or unthinkingly, to persons who are far from equal to the investigating officers can produce horribly warped results. George Whitmore, Jr., was this kind of suspect. An unemployed 19-year-old Negro with an active imagination and little education, George had been dominated by his authoritarian father. He had spent most of his life in Wildwood, N.J., a seashore resort near Philadelphia, and his happiest times came when black entertainers stopped at local hotels and George could vicariously share some of the excitement. Impressionable, weak in the face of authority, George generally tried to please; when detectives put the heat on him, he told them what they wanted to hear, eventually confessing to two separate murders and a rape during a marathon 19-hour interrogation. The incredible part of the story, as Fred Shapiro tells it, is the lack of force or malice on the part of the police: textbook police procedures, plus the coaching which grew out of a likely suspect and the desire to crack an important case, nearly sent an innocent man to the electric chair despite substantial external evidence that Whitmore's confession was fishy.

Brought in as a witness in a rape case just after 7 A.M., by midnight Whitmore was telling an assistant district attorney how he had performed the double murder of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, the bloody "career girls" knife slaying that put New York City in turmoil in 1963. It took three years to unravel the legal tangle. Eventually Whitmore was convicted only of the rape charge; another man was imprisoned for Wylie-Hoffert and the third case was dropped. During it all Whitmore was shunted back and forth between criminal wards of City hospitals and the prisons. He was subjected to four psychiatric examinations (passing them all) and had to spend 26 months

■ WE CAN HELP YOU WITH A SPANISH PROVERB

A Spanish proverb states, *"For each man a good woman, a spirited horse, a fine knife."* While the first two are outside our competence, we are certain we can help with the third. ■ Our G.P.K. (Gentleman's Pocket Knife) is only ⅛" thin, but contains in its leatherette-sheathed body: knife, manicurer, screwdriver/bottle opener and scissors. All forged of the finest steel. ■ Once you own the G.P.K. we know you won't part with it and will carry it in tackle box, tweed suit or tux! Order yours now but, don't forget, the woman and the horse are up to you!

☐ Send me my G.P.K. I encl. $5.95 ($4.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Return within 1 year if not delighted. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.) TNR 0607

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____ ZIP_____

haverhill's 584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

"... it is all there—the crudeness, the bigotry, the dope, the double-dealing, the inter-racial sex, the pathos, the love ... and the hate-love complex."
Negro History Bulletin

NEW BLACK PLAYWRIGHTS
An Anthology

LONNE ELDER
Ceremonies in Dark Old Men

DOUGLAS TURNER WARD
Happy Ending
Day of Absence

ED BULLINS
Goin' A Buffalo

ADRIENNE KENNEDY
A Rat's Mass

WILLIAM WELLINGTON MACKEY
Family Meeting

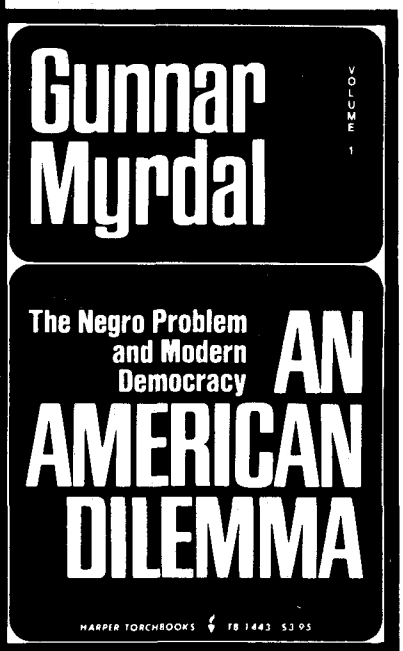
Edited by William Couch, Jr.

$6.95 at your bookstore or from

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Baton Rouge, La. 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just published



"The most penetrating and important book on our contemporary American civilization that has been written. . . . No one at all concerned with American democracy can afford to miss reading and pondering this book."
— R. S. LYND

A Harper Torchbook
in two volumes
TB/1443 and TB/1444
Each, $3.95

Forthcoming

GARY T. MARX
Protest and Prejudice
A Study of Belief in the Black Community
Revised Edition
TB/1435 $1.95

GILBERT OSOFSKY, Editor
Puttin' On Ole Massa
The Slave Narratives of Henry Bibb, William Wells Brown, and Solomon Northup
TB/1432 $2.95

Harper & Row
1817
49 E. 33d St.,
New York, N.Y. 10016

in jail prior to his final conviction, before the courts granted bail. This suspect, who according to the mythology was innocent until proven guilty, was victimized by police and by the shoddy behavior of prosecutors who permitted the Wylie-Hoffert indictment to stand long after it was clear the case would not hold water; he was all but convicted in the press upon his arrest; and he was the pawn in a competition between Brooklyn and Manhattan detectives to solve the case. It was scandalous.

Still, in light of the Supreme Court's Miranda and Escobedo decisions, which protect the right to quick consultation with an attorney and not only guarantee that a suspect may remain silent but place the burden for proving understanding of this right upon the prosecution, isn't Whitmore's case a piece of history which rightly belongs as a chapter in a more general work? Perhaps, but it can be effectively argued that his kind of case (in type if not in degree) continues to be found in the lower courts. The municipal courts and jails, according to the Kerner report and several other studies, are busy with suspects who cannot make bail and so must wait behind bars, possibly because, like Whitmore, they became trapped in a scenario.

A redistribution of power is under way in America's cities as minorities struggle to gain greater control of their own affairs. This brings clashes, and the police are at their center. Meanwhile, demands for sterner law enforcement, and even preventive detention (which, incidentally, is an admission that American jails are a disgrace) put ever greater pressure on the police, and make it more likely that self-justifying results of police bias will occur.

Herbert J. Gans: The Dream of Human Cities

The Economy of Cities by Jane Jacobs

(Random House; $5.95)

In her first book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* Jane Jacobs began a search for the sources of urban vitality, finding it in the diversity of people, buildings and small streets that characterize Greenwich Village and similar congested but variegated old quarters of the city. The book became an instant classic, and has since influenced architectural and planning thought here and abroad.

In her new book, Mrs. Jacobs continues the search for vitality, this time to discover what makes urban economies live or die. Economic vitality comes about, she argues, when cities add "new work" to what they are already producing. New work can take many forms: a new product or service; an improved old one; or even the creation of a product out of waste, such as the transformation of garbage into building materials. New work is also generated by simple additions to economic activity, for example, exporting goods previously only sold locally, or manufacturing things locally that were previously imported.

Out of the impact of various forms of new work upon each other, Mrs. Jacobs builds a five-step theory of economic growth. "First, the city finds in an older city or cities an expanding market for its initial export work, and it builds up a collection of numerous local businesses to supply producers' goods and services to the initial export work. Second, some of the local suppliers of producers' goods and services export their own work. . . . Third, many of the imports the city has been earning are replaced by goods and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

services produced locally, a process that causes explosive city growth. . . . Owing to the powerful multiplier effect of the replacement process, the local economy contains room for entirely new kinds of goods and services . . . formerly neither imported nor locally produced. . . . Fourth, the city's greatly enlarged and greatly diversified local economy becomes a potential source of numerous and diversified exports, including many consumer goods and services as well. . . . By generating new exports, the city earns more imports. . . . Fifth, from this time on, the city continues to generate new exports and earn imports; replace imports with local production; generate new exports and earn imports; replace imports with local production, and so on."

The primary source of vitality in this spiraling process is diversity: the presence of a large number of different industries and firms which are small – and therefore flexible and creative – enough to spot new ideas that can be turned into profit. The major obstacles to vitality are bigness and sameness. Large firms are so bureaucratic that innovation is stifled, and those engaged in mass production of a single item lack economic incentive to develop "new work." But communities can also suffer from sameness; cities like Detroit, dominated by one industry, have little room for innovators and not much reason to develop new products. Eventually such cities decline economically because they have depended too much on a single industry.

Readers of Mrs. Jacobs' first book can easily see the similarities in her conclusions: the entrepreneur creating new work resembles the landlord rehabilitating his small apartment house; the big bureaucratic corporation resembles the sterile housing project. Perhaps the new book was even stimulated by the small loft industry around Greenwich Village, just as her first book took off from her observations of the Village itself.

Although the basic theme may be similar, Mrs. Jacobs has again written an exciting book. As before, her insights and generalizations are frequently original, and her sweep is marvelously broad. (In this book, she draws on archaeology and economic history as well as economics and sociology.) But once more, I find her analysis skewed, for she is again extolling the virtues of an aging set of institutions and attacking its modern replacement, without properly considering whether these virtues do not exist or could not be provided in the newcomer.

Thus, the major causal agent in her theory is the innovative entrepreneur – who would probably occupy one of those lofts – and sometimes the book reads like a tract in behalf of 19th-century rugged individualism. Her image of the urban economy makes little room for the corporation, even less for the new conglomerate. Mrs. Jacobs points out the institutional barriers to corporate innovation, but underestimates the vitality of some big industries; for example the constant flood of new work that comes out of the consumer goods conglomerates, or the "replacement of imports" that took place when Detroit built the compact car to compete with the small European automobile.

Similarly, Mrs. Jacobs virtually ignores the fact that the American economy is now dominated by national corporations, which, while located in the cities, are not guided primarily by local considerations. They nevertheless probably play a more important role in today's urban economy than the local producers, exporters and importers about whom she writes. She also pays little attention to the activities of government in the urban economy, though public agencies are now growing more rapidly than private firms, and federal funds often pay for the development of new goods and services.

Finally, as in her first book, Mrs. Jacobs places a higher value on vitality than on well-being. But one could imagine a one- or two-industry city, producing "old work" for which demand is stable and permanent, paying high wages and taxes, and creating a considerable amount of community well-being without much vitality. Nor can economic vitality alone do away with poverty, as the rising welfare rolls in many cities attest.

As an explanatory theory of urban growth, Mrs. Jacobs' analysis is therefore limited. It is perhaps most relevant to understanding the garment industry and other producers of goods and services highly susceptible to fashion, for in such industries, smallness, flexibility and innovation are absolutely necessary. Her theory may fit New York or Paris, major producers of fashionable new work, but not heavy industrial complexes like Cleveland or

New money vs. old

The mergers: new capital fights for a place at the top of the corporate world and the establishment fights back (by the editors). Also: the story of Lenin's deathbed struggle against Stalin, in a review-article by Harry Braverman; an Iranian examines his country's land reform; and an economist probes the current U.S. inflation. Send for a sample copy of the June issue.

MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

Dept. 3 116 West 14 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10011
$7 a year students $5 (foreign add $1)

A timely look at the urgent problem of securing America's safety...

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MANAGEMENT OF NATIONAL SECURITY:

A Report by the Institute for Defense Analyses

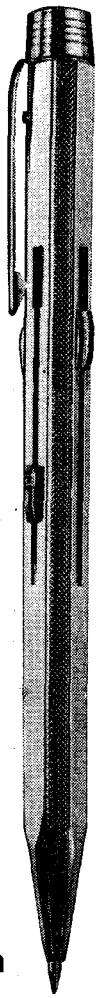
Edited by Keith C. Clark and Laurence J. Legere

Thoughtful and penetrating, this book evaluates the national security policies and structures under the past four administrations, and discusses the powerful influence of a President's personality and style on the management of national security. *$6.95*

Frederick A. Praeger, Publishers
111 Fourth Ave. / New York 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Huber 4 Colour Ballpoint



The superbly efficient and dependable mechanism of our new 4 Colour Ballpoint assures many years of trouble free handwriting, even with constant use. A very functional writing instrument. Choose ink colour instantly with simple flip of the finger. Light weight alloy stem is meticulously balanced for effortless performance. Handsomely styled, unobtrusively elegant, Huber 4 Colour Ballpoint is the favourite of professional men here and abroad. Standard refills. **Your Money Back if not pleased. $4.00 ea. 2 for $7.50, 6 for $21.00. Add 50¢ post per order. 5% tax in Cal.**

Tropen Fountain Pen

A classic here. Genuine old fashioned European Fountain Pen. Absolutely no frills. Perfectly balanced stem, design unchanged in nearly 50 years of manufacture. The mechanism? Marvelous—in the best Old World tradition of building things to last. Unique 14K Gold Wing Nib controls precisely the flow of ink and adapts instantly to individual writing pressure. Remarkably smooth performance. Visual ink piston. **The finest pen you've ever owned or Your Money Back! 5 year mechanical guarantee. $7.50 ea. 2 for $14.00. 6 for $40.00. Add 50¢ per order. 5% tax in Cal.**

PLEASE SHIP WITH YOUR 'SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED' GUARANTEE:
(specify quant.) TROPEN____ HUBER 4____
choice of points fine ☐ medium ☐ broad ☐
check enclosed ☐ or Diners ☐ American Express ☐ account number _____

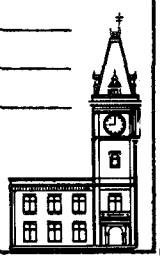
Name _____

Address _____

_____

J.D.BROWNE

GHIRARDELLI SQUARE
900 NORTH POINT
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94109



Pittsburgh, which are today becoming the sites of local branches of large national corporations. Mrs. Jacobs is right in arguing that such cities need more economic diversity to survive, but it is doubtful whether enough new work can be created to duplicate the New York economy in every large American city.

Mrs. Jacobs is not just formulating a new theory of urban growth, however; she is calling for a new urban economy, small in scale, in which entrepreneurs and cities can develop new work without arbitrary interference by corporate or governmental bureaucracies and planners. In effect, Mrs. Jacobs is a utopian, out to rebuild the early 20th-century urban economy with all its virtues but with none of its faults. Her utopia is often attractive, and not always unreasonable; for example when she suggests that the rising sophistication of the American consumer and his increasing demand for distinctive products may soon put an end to old-style mass-production. Nevertheless, a society of 200 million people with a high standard of living cannot exist without large national economic organizations, or without a big government to keep them in check. In fact, we may be entering a time in which vitality will come from national economic sources – even though Mrs. Jacobs firmly believes that cities will always be and have always been the fount of economic innovation.

In her fascinating first chapter, she draws on recent archaeological evidence to argue just that, debunking the conventional view that cities only came into existence after the development of agriculture. The "first" economy, she believes, originally consisted of nomadic hunters and seed-gatherers who regularly came to small cities where merchants traded with them for tools and other goods. By a mixture of insight, trial and error, and accident, the merchants eventually learned how to breed animals and grow seed, and later established rural outposts to produce meat and grain. In other words, Mrs. Jacobs argues that agriculture began as a form of urban new work which had to leave the city because it needed more space.

Her theory is especially interesting because of its political implications. In effect, Mrs. Jacobs overthrows the traditional American myth of rural superiority, in which the supplier of food is the bedrock of society, and the city only a luxury made possible by agricultural prosperity and thus of distinctly secondary priority in the political scheme of things. This myth, has long been used by rural politicians to exploit the city and to funnel untold government subsidies, usually collected from city economies, into the rural areas. But if vital agriculture depends on vital cities, a point Mrs. Jacobs demonstrates persuasively with some old and new agricultural innovations that were created in urban laboratories, it follows that America must give up the rural myth, if only to maintain the vitality of its rural areas.

What Mrs. Jacobs has done in this book and in her earlier one is to begin to formulate a badly needed urban myth for our now almost entirely urbanized society. In the long run, this may well be her most important contribution.

Correspondence

Youth Endowment?

Sirs:

One can understand, if not condone, the reasoning which caused the Administration to label its ABM program as "Safeguard." What shall one say of a "liberal" magazine which calls a gimmick for saddling our young people with paying for the cost of their education "A National Youth Endowment." I refer, of course, to the article by Professor James M. Tobin and Mr. Leonard Ross (May 3).

In an address at Berkeley, in April, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith prophetically said: "One of these days, without doubt, someone will urge that universities be put on a profit making basis with all student accounts handled through the Diners Club. None of this is a proper subject of complaint. A University must accord liberty to those who would destroy it or place its assets in the hands of the sheriff. But while we must accord freedom to damaging nonsense, we must never be passive about it. . . ."

Less than five months after this prophecy, a press conference was held in Washington to unveil the "Educational Opportunity Bank" under which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

universities would charge what the market will bear, the student will borrow to pay the freight, and Internal Revenue (substituting for the Diners Club) will collect over most of his lifetime.

Now come Professor Tobin and Mr. Ross to say that this is not really a naked scheme to shove the cost of education off on to the student, but an "endowment." . . . "The rich tycoon will pay back much more than he borrowed, the poor clergyman much less, but on the average the loan fund would earn normal interest." Who is going to make the "rich tycoon" or the son of the rich tycoon, take out a loan under a plan which obviously will cost him a lot more than he borrowed? And how will this help the "poor clergyman" who, nevertheless, has to pay six or eight percent of his income over the next 30 years to pay off his college debt, and a like amount to pay off the debt of his wife, if he can afford a wife who has gone to college with the benefit of this "endowment"?

If our present programs, as the authors suggest, "strongly favor the affluent," the way to correct this is to introduce programs which favor the affluent even more!

"Let the student pay something like the full cost of his education from the higher incomes the university enables him to earn," they say. Translated in terms of the economically disadvantaged student, this means: "Make the tuition-free community college and the low-fee state college charge a high fee. Then let's give the disadvantaged student the blessed privilege of borrowing to pay the fee. He could even have the privilege of borrowing enough money to go to a 'quality' institution, provided it would let him in. Which it wouldn't if he is really disadvantaged, in the cultural and academic sense. So he becomes 'endowed' with the right to pay the Internal Revenue Service a fixed percentage of his income for the next 30 years, for the privilege of attending a college which, without the whole 'endowment' scheme, with its philosophy that the student and not society must pay, he could have attended without borrowing."

But of course, from the standpoint of Professor Milton Friedman, and presumably Professor Tobin, all this is fully compensated for by its great virtues: The taxpayer, including the corporation taxpayer and the affluent taxpayer who didn't have to borrow, would be relieved of paying taxes for education or giving money in order to make Papa and Mamma, who went to college in the days when it was considered appropriate for society to pay most of the cost of educating the young through private gifts or taxation, free of the "burden" of sending Johnny to college, their consciences assuaged by the reassurance that in the new moral order of things, the sole purpose of higher education is to "pay off handsomely" in cash.

Stripped of its fancy verbiage, the philosophy behind the "National Youth Endowment" is that (1) The chief benefits of higher education are not social but economic, and its primary eco-

Hard Times

A New Political Weekly

Hard Times (formerly Mayday) is hard news written and edited by Andrew Kopkind & James Ridgeway, for people who have a new sense of the political possibilities of our world. Hard Times makes news of its own. We ran the secret dossier of the Chicago police on Convention demonstrators . . . published Tom Hayden's brilliant testimony before HUAC . . . explored the hidden deals behind Nixon's cabinet appointments.

Send $7.50 (students $6) for a one-year, 48-issue charter subscription. (Regular rate is $10.) Send check to Box H, 80 Irving Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

Publish Your Book Now!

We publish books in general and academic fields to high professional standards. Our facilities for editing, book design, printing and binding at a single location cut publishing time to four months! Thirty years of experience create expert promotion. FREE: Send your manuscript for editorial and cost appraisal. Also free: fact-filled brochures on publishing, writing and contracts.

EXPOSITION PRESS
Box 107, 50 Jericho Turnpike
Jericho, N. Y. 11753

I REQUIRE . . .

a "dating service" that

- ☐ has outgrown pop prattle about the "swinging scene" (ages 21 to 65)
- ☐ has the enlightened versatility to match flower children and Wall Street tycoons (although only sometimes with each other)
- ☐ has penetrated bigtown anonymity to dare deal only with its more cultivated, intelligent, literary community (48% through personal referrals)
- ☐ offers exclusive, expensive, exhaustive, individual processing by trained consultants
- ☐ A LOOK AT YOUR OUTSTANDING QUESTIONNAIRE

MIND MATES
Bureau for Interpersonal Relations
1 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017
MU 2-3757

"Ranks among the finest books of the decade in the field of Negro history."—August Meier, *Saturday Review.*

The whole tragic story of Scottsboro and the classic "justice" a lynch-minded Southern town dealt nine young Negroes accused of raping two white women. This highly acclaimed book relates the roles of famed lawyer Samuel Leibowitz, the racists, communists, and the NAACP in a dramatic account that evokes a sense of horror at what can pass for justice in America.

By Dan T. Carter

$10 at your bookstore or from

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Baton Rouge, La. 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now from Indiana, a series of outstanding books on film

Cinema One

Published under the auspices of the British Film Institute's magazine Sight and Sound, these well printed and illustrated volumes are timely, lucid, and authoritative.

Billy Wilder

By Axel Madsen
"A man with a mind full of razor blades."
168 pages, illustrations, filmography, paper $1.95 cloth $5.95

Signs and Meaning in the Cinema

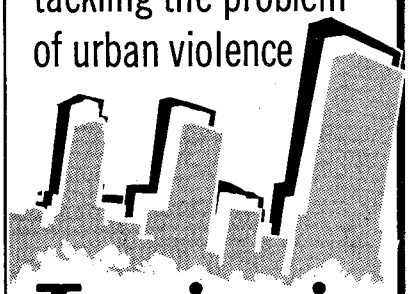
By Peter Wollen
A new approach to cinema and aesthetics.
168 pages, illustrations, paper $1.95 cloth $5.95

Buster Keaton

By David Robinson
The Great Stone Face that illuminated the golden age of silent comedy.
200 pages, illustrations, paper $1.95 cloth $5.95

See your bookseller Indiana University Press, Bloomington, London

Here is how New York, Atlanta, and Washington—each in its own way—are tackling the problem of urban violence



TENSION IN THE CITIES
Three Programs for Survival
By JAMES A. BAYTON
Chairman, Dept. of Psychology, Howard Univ.
Cloth $5.95; paper $3.95. Now at your bookstore, or send price (plus applicable sales tax) to CHILTON BOOK COMPANY, 401 Walnut St., Phila. 19106

The wine of love is music And the feast of love is song...

Banquet on both with us 24 hours a day!

WGAY
STEREO 50,000 WATTS 24 HOURS 99.5 FM
A CONNIE B. GAY STATION
Serving Metropolitan Washington, D.C.

nomic benefit flows to the individual, not society. (2) Therefore, higher education should be paid for primarily by a tax on individuals who go to college, not by society as a whole. (3) Since most students in college can't pay rapidly escalating college charges, they should be permitted to borrow to pay the cost, with collection assured by use of the Internal Revenue Service.

This may seem odd to the elementary school teacher who borrows money for education in order to teach the children of the truck driver who earns three times as much as she does, but who would not, under the "endowment" be taxed. It may seem strange to the son of the factory worker who has to borrow to pay high fees at a commuting college, while the son of the chairman of the board can go to college without a life-time tax on his earnings by simply paying the charge without borrowing.

It would undoubtedly seem strange to that son of Yale, Jonathan Baldwin Turner, who in 1851 described as "the greatest of all interests ever committed to a free state – the interest of properly and worthily educating all the sons of her soil."

Professor Tobin and Mr. Ross have, however, made a contribution to the language, for which the advertising profession can properly be grateful. In future the revolving charge account, the high interest automobile loan, the ubiquitous credit card with its built-in price inflation to cover interest costs, need not be spoken of in crass terms. They are all "endowments."

Russell I. Thackrey
Executive Director,
National Association of
State Universities
and
Land-Grant Colleges

In reply . . .

We do not pretend that the loan program described in our article will solve all the financial problems of higher education and university research. We recognize that scholarships to students elected on both need and merit will be essential to provide greater equality of educational opportunity. We imagine, moreover, that many state and localities will wish to use their own fiscal resources to subsidize education beyond high school, especially perhaps at community colleges and vocational schools.

However, we do seriously question

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the feasibility and efficiency of providing post-secondary education free or at a fraction of its cost to the growing numbers of young people who will want it on this basis. Like Mr. Thackrey we are also concerned with equity, but on this count we cannot be impressed with a system under which general taxpayers indiscriminately enable the sons and daughters of the more affluent to enjoy the pleasures and benefits of state universities. Higher tuitions plus contingent loans would place this burden either on the parents or on the students, while still permitting selective scholarships. The financial needs of post-secondary education can scarcely be met without federal help; we believe that a contingent loan program should be a major part, though certainly not the whole, of a future federal program.

Leonard Ross
James Tobin

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

girl who spends a busman's holiday with Joe. Brenda Vaccaro is the career girl who engages him for a night; instead of acting, she relies on our recognition of hip mannerisms. John McGiver and Barnard Hughes are sound as two unsound older men.

So much of this film is exceptionally good that its uneasy spots are especially troublesome. Ratso's fantasies, visualized for us, mar the viewpoint of the film, which is generally and rightly Joe's; and the fantasies themselves are trite. The Warhol-type party, with Warhol types, looks more like Schlesinger the tourist-shopper than the artist; anyway, can't we have an international statute against trying to depict decadence through wild parties? It never has worked, from *Intolerance* to *La Dolce Vita* to Schlesinger's own *Darling*. Enough, already.

There are touches of overindulgence. A TV remote-control switch lies on the bed where Joe romps with the call girl, and the set switches dizzyingly, with heavy humor. The implied fellatio in a grind-movie balcony doesn't need the sci-fi missile on the screen to make its point. Nor do we need the shots of Joe straining in the sack to please a client. And there is some facile ugliness. Ever since his early documentary *Terminus*, Schlesinger has shown a weakness for the British Free Cinema fallacy: the belief that close-ups of a lot of ugly faces, particularly old ones, prove that a) life is ugly and b) film can *so* tell the truth about it.

There are a few other flawed moments, like Joe's final brutality with a man whom he robs in order to get the ailing Ratso to Florida. The brutality is in the novel, but Herlihy plays it in the key of Joe's motives, not as a flare of sadism. And the last shot – Joe arriving in Florida on a bus with the dead Ratso next to him, with the Miami skyline superimposed – seems a clever substitute for the good last shot that Schlesinger couldn't think of.

This cleverness, which has obtruded in previous films of his, is still a bit worrisome here; but in *Midnight Cowboy*, his best film to date, there's a great deal besides cleverness, a great deal of good feeling and perception and purposeful dexterity. Films with a homosexual ambience often rely pompously on adduced spirituality: *Boom* and *Teorema* are two recent miserable examples. But here there is no pomp because there is no argument that love is always present – or always purer – among the wretched and eccentric. This film, which begins with a youth going up to the Big City on a bus, which ends with the changed youth leaving on a bus, simply states that, at any social level, the exchange of trust and devotion is the only sure spiritual oasis; but that, to prejudiced eyes, this seems more incongruous at some levels than at others. By refusing to patronize his characters and by putting them in a realized world, Schlesinger has united us with Joe and Ratso, all of us together hustling amidst the neon but – as we can see – not all of us necessarily lost.

Personals

HOW MANY VIETNAMESE FOUGHT IN *OUR* CIVIL WAR? Bumpersticker. 6/$1.00. Bell & Company, Commercial Center, Beverly Hills 90210.

1968 CAMPAIGN HISTORY YOU SHOULD HAVE SAVED: *R.F.K. Packet*-$2.50 (3 buttons, portraited campaign handbill)—*McCarthy Packet*—$2.50 (McCarthy Convention Headquarter's newspaper headlining Viet plank proceedings, button, 2 pamphlets)—*Nixon Packet*—$2.50 (3 big 4 page circulars). ALL 3 packets for $5.00. Money back guarantee. Send cash, check or money order to: Americana Suppliers Co., 10792 Maudlin Road, New Buffalo, Michigan 49117.

HAVE YOU EVER TALKED TO A RUSSIAN? You can on July 5th because CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS believes that now more than ever face-to-face citizen level diplomacy is a step toward SURVIVAL. C E C's three week study-exchange programs in the USSR are open to Americans of all ages and occupations. Leave NYC JULY 5, AUGUST 2 and 23. Write-Wire: C E C NR 6/7, 10 West 46th Street, New York City 10036 or 212-LT 1-8113.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL! Make light-machines, strobes, organs, slides, etc. Send $2.00—Lightrays, 713K Pine, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106.

MUSKIE '72, bumperstickers 3/$1.00. MUSKIE, 375 Buena Vista Road, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06604.

DISCOVER AN INTRIGUING, fun approach to meeting alert, literate, Jewish singles. No computers used. For FREE analytical questionnaire write giving age. OPERATION MAZEL TOV, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low-cost, custom-made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please state intended use. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING, INC., Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. Phone (314) 423-5495.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF EXCELLENCE IN WRITING: Professional. Executive. Academic. Address: Director, Professional Communication Center, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. 95, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, all occupations, sixty countries. Include exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, New York 11730.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS, gloves, moccasins. Send 50c for genuine buckskin money poke and big catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 67, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's 64-Page Booklet, plus "Guide to Wills," Complete $1.00. National Forms, Box 48313NR, Los Angeles, California 90048.

HARPSICHORDS. Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. P, 115 Christopher St., NYC 10014.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will Forms and attorney's informative book. $1.00. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1967 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

SAVE! Swiss precision electric razor, complete, $6.95. Movie camera and projector, 8mm, easy operation, only $17.95 each. Wholesale catalog $1.00. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Robert H. Bales, *63 Giessen*, Amselweg 8, West Germany.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WATCHBAND CALENDAR — 12 monthly metal wafers, starting current month; fold around watchband. $1.50. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

SEARCHING? . . . It's not enough to just "know thyself." COM/PAIR, the "People-Matching-People" of Princeton speed your search. It's a way to meet a truly interesting match. National, international clients. $10 fee payable when you return questionnaire. Request free questionnaire from Com/Pair Systems, NR7, 194 Nassau, Princeton, N. J. 08540.

SKILLED WRITER, Publisher's Editor, Analyses, Revises Manuscripts (Including French), Box 4070, New Republic.

HELP! us to promote relevant, non-Establishment TV programming by contributing to the expanding pro-Smothers Movement against CBS-TV and their sponsors. Please send coins, ideas, empathy to Ronn Nadeau, 1316 Cynwyd Building, Wilmington, Delaware 19808.

WHAT ARE THE FIVE UGLIEST WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE? Here are some top contenders: War, Disease, Prejudice, Hunger, and Ignorance. For 52 years, the American Friends Service Committee . . . a Quaker organization . . . has worked throughout the world to hold these age-old scourges of mankind at bay. A big job? You bet and we need your help? To learn how you can give it, write: American Friends Service Committee, Box N-4, 160 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102.

KENNEDY '72 buttons 5/$1.00. bumperstickers 4/$1.00. DRUM, Box 609-NR, Fairfield, Connecticut.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.00 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather Care, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, New York 11542.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE 8⅛" x 4" $1.50. Deluxe Edition, $2.50, grandiose, $5.00. Bumperstrip, 2/$1.00. Wry Idea Company, Box 178-N, Rye, New York 10580.

A NEEDY AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD, eager and beguiling, awaits your sponsorship for clothing, books, continued education. $12.50 monthly. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016.

BUTTONS, BUMPERSTRIPS, DECALS, BALLOONS, DAFFY DAISIES, IMPRINTED T-SHIRTS AND SWEATSHIRTS. All custom-made. FREE price list and samples. LARRY FOX, Box 581-N, Hempstead, New York 11551.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

DIRTY OLD MEN NEED LOVE TOO—over 225 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Bumperstickers, beads and peace jewelry, too. Free catalogue to all! Free sample to stores. A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO 94103.

LIKE SMARTLY PRINTED STATIONERY—RICH textured papers? Send today for free idea-packed sample assortment many styles, sizes and beautiful colors. Both social and business items shown. JACQUES COMPANY, Room 5-FA, 310 East 25th Street, New York, New York 10010.

FORMERLY MARRIEDS-UNIVERSITY ALUMNI. Private Club in Manhattan, parties Friday, Saturday BE 3-5910. Box 505, Old Chelsea, NYC 10011.

BLOW YOURSELF UP! 1½'x2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot. $3.00. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, Calif. 90307.

TED/72 Bumper Stickers 4/$1. P.O. Box 195, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74101.

BE THE PERSON YOU WANT TO BE! Overcome hangups, personality problems! Self-realization Course $10. Literature: NovaYoga, Box 393-R, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003.

HIKING—small camp (boys 10-14). Interested? Write Tom Bean, Randolph, New Hampshire.

PREVIOUSLY MARRIED SINGLES over 40 professional nonprofit club being formed for artistic people but not exclusively so. Send personal information: height, etc., for invitation. Box #4195 New Republic.

Literature

A NEW VOICE IN THE SOUTH WEST. The OKLAHOMA LIMITED will explore in depth the political life of Oklahoma. Published biweekly. $5.00 per year. Box 1041, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73101.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION for students, teachers and armed forces personnel to The New Republic Magazine. $6.00 for one year (a Saving of $4.00) or $4.00 for eight months. Mail payment and this ad to The New Republic Subscription Department/381 West Center Street/Marion, Ohio 43302.

NITTY-GRITTY local journalism from America's largest colony: Washington, D.C. Six month trial: $1. Capitol East Gazette, 109 8th NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

MY NAME IS RICHARD. I write BOOKS — publish them myself and sell them for $1. Want one? Send your $1 to: Richard Liebow, 948 Market, San Francisco 94102.

BEST BOOKFINDERS IN NEW YORK: ORSAY BOOKS, 86-32N Eliot Ave., Rego Park, New York City 11374.

BACK DATE MAGAZINES: Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-NR, Maywood, New Jersey 07607.

THE PEASANTS' REVOLT: McCARTHY 1968. Hardback ($4.95). Send check: Noe-Bixby Publications, 219½ Parrott Street, Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050.

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" BOOK MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City.

YOU THINK MISSISSIPPI SOULS HAVE IT BAD . . . learn about Texas 'chicanos.' Mexican-Americans, 129 Cincinnati, San Antonio, Texas 78201, $1.00.

CINEMA, OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's 12725-R Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

BEAUTIFUL, fun-book—New Illustrated Gift Edition THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO, hard bound 50 illustrations $2.00 post paid—OGGI, 5th Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

INFOCUS: CHICAGO, CONVENTION IN THE STREETS. Fifty pages of perceptive photography. This issue only, $1.00. Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

CHINA IN MAPS: An atlas of 24 colored maps, historical and geographical, 11 x 8½". Postpaid $1.50. Remit with order Denoyer-Geppert Company, 5235 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60640.

FOR A GENTLE MENTAL MASSAGE, try TACTICKLE—$1 from WFF 'N PROOF Publishers, Box 71-AN, New Haven, CT 06501.

Schools

QUAKER STUDY CENTER—Suburban Philadelphia. Workshop in social change and non-violence. Seminars on life of dialogue. Quakerism, Buber, learning to love poetry, drama, writing, crafts. Write D. R. Fradley, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. 19086.

NEW STREET ACADEMY on upper West Side of Manhattan needs funds. Purpose is to educate dropouts, so that they may go on to Prep School. Academy for Black and Latin Education, 73 West 105th Street, New York City 10025.

PINEHENGE — *Coed-Ages 6-18* — Is your child's learning being frustrated? Pinehenge is a private boarding school based on A. S. Neill's Summerhill philosophy with an enriched, stimulating, game-oriented environment. Write to Pinehenge School, Box 1, Waterford, Maine 04088, or call 207—583-4423.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. Grades 7, 8, & 9. Coeducational, informal, noncompetitive. Work Program, Quaker Leadership. Mountain setting. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville, North Carolina 28714.

SCHOOL AT KIRKRIDGE. On Appalachian Trail overlooking Poconos. Opening this fall. Grades 10-11, boarding 20 boys, 16 girls. Intercultural, venturesome, nondenominational but seriously Christian, related to Kirkridge retreat-and-study center founded 1942. 85 miles from Manhattan and Philadelphia. Write School at Kirkridge, Bangor, Pennsylvania 18013. Phone 215—581-8954.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employment Opportunities

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—RELIGION. We are seeking an historian of religions with an area of specialization in East Asia, or South, and Southeast Asia. We will also consider an historian of culture in these areas with good knowledge of religions and philosophies. Some editorial experience essential. Chicago location. Please send resume to Box 4160 New Republic.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities $1.00. Buckeye, Box HA, Fairborn, Ohio 45524.

TEACHERS WANTED. Innovative, socially aware, grades K-8, also specialties. New York suburb 45 minutes from NYC. Salary range for 1969 is $6,900 to $14,000+. Contact Mr. N. Karamessinis, Asst. Supt. for Instr., Box 241, Rockaway, New Jersey 201—361-2900.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—Teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators; department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 2780, Windsor, Connecticut.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-EE, Long Beach California 90803.

Employment Wanted

STUDENT DESIRES SUMMER WORK. Housework; childcare experience: Live-in babysitting; teaching: mentally, physically handicapped; swimming; creative dramatics. D. Ross, 17 West Seminary Avenue, Lutherville, Maryland 21093.

INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE YOUNG WOMAN, 21; M.A. International Relations, London School of Economics; B.A. Political Science. Seeks challenging postion related to field of study. Administrative, research, editorial assistant, etc. Work references. Available July or September. Box 4185, New Republic.

AWARE, CREATIVE, INTERESTING—art, math, philosophy, physics—travel, yes—tell me what you're planning this summer. M. C. Olshausen, 324 West 101 Street, New York, New York 10025.

SEEKS TEACHING POSITION, B.A., Penn '50, M.A. International Relations, Sussex '69, Optimistic "Realist," six children. J. Steen, 10 Sanctuary, Oak Hill Grove, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

Vacations/Travel

SASHAY AROUND BARBADOS like you rented the place. Instead of a hotel or guest house, rent an apartment. You do whatever your vacationing heart desires, a maid does the cooking, cleaning and shopping. It's cozier, kickier, lots more private. What's more for two or more, its bound to be less expensive. For particulars, sashay a note to Barbados Vacation Apartments Company, (NR), Gateways, St. Lawrence, Barbados, West Indies.

VACATION PLUS . . . at World Fellowship Center in New Hampshire. Recreation on our 300-acre lake-mountain-estate. World contacts. Conference on crisis areas of the world. Generous family-style meals. Everything—room, meals, program $7 to $10 daily. Season: June 23 to September 2. For information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire 03818.

SIX MONTHS IN AFRICA? Completely furnished Dakar apartment, 5 beds, pool. May 15-November 15. $280 monthly inclusive. Russell Warren Howe, BP 2233, Dakar.

NO HECTIC "ORGANIZED" ACTIVITIES, children's haven, erudite clientele, informal family vacations, Lake Shore Resort, Northwood, New Hampshire 03261.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins.": Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine.

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyages, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-21, JCK, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

Property – Sale/Rent

FOR SALE: 7-10 acre building site—scenic mountain view—lakes—college—REA-Mail-Bus. Phone: H. E. Harvey, Route 1, Clarksville, Arkansas 72830.

SEEKING AN ALTERNATIVE TO WHITE SUBURBIA? Move to the tree-lined streets of Washington's interesting, integrated *Neighbor's, Inc.* community. Live your convictions, learn to know your neighbors in this pleasant convenient area. Write Housing Information Service, 7416 Alaska Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES now available in the lovely suburban communities of Cleveland Heights, Shaker Heights and East Cleveland. All near spacious well equipped shopping centers, nationally acclaimed schools. These homes are located in mature integrated neighborhoods near Cleveland's Cultural Center, they sell from $16,000 to $32,000. VA Buyers "0" Down, FHA as low as $300.00 Down. Contact: Cleveland Listing Exchange, Inc., 2221 N. Taylor Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio—216—851-1000.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, the Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact: The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, 216-751-2155.

Arts and Crafts

THE SANDAL SHOP Custom-Made sandals and Handwovens. Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco.

RAW COPPER BRACELET SHANKS. Men's size $3.00, Women's $2.75. 60-day delivery. P.O. Box 1652, Evanston, Illinois 60202.

LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Illustrated catalogue, 50c. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

COLLECT ORIGINAL SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer, from $15. Free catalog with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25c for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6, 663 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10022.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

CABUYA BAGS—Woven natural-fibre handbags—leather-trimmed—for beach, campus, casual wear. (C. D. Project) Write: Andean, Box 472-R, Cuenca, Equador.

INTRICATELY HAND-CARVED MEERSCHAUM PIPES, Sultan's Head-shaped bowls, $12.15 each. Money Orders only. Father's Day Special. No orders after June 8. East-West Trader, Rt. 1, Box 265, Olympia, Washington 98501.

Music

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

FREE 40 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 NR, New York, New York 10023.

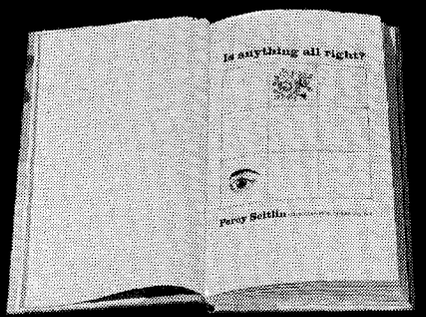
HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

Printed By The McCall Printing Co. Mid-Atlantic Division

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Open for discussion

IS ANYTHING ALL RIGHT?



by **PERCY SEITLIN.** "Yes, I am angry," says Percy Seitlin. "Suspicious of sweetness and light."

It shows up clearly — and delightfully — as he looks back now over the past sixty years of his life. Wistful memories have a sharp edge to them. Anecdotes are charming — but challenging, too.

This is the story, recalled with hairline precision, of Mr. Seitlin's Jewish boyhood in New Jersey; his bread-winning in New York; a vivid vacation on Mallorca; and other fragments of life and living.

"The portrait of the man that emerges makes you think he is someone you'd like to know."[1] For he has "the vision of a poet who sees magic in the ordinary."[2]

Sam Levenson calls it "a valuable book." If you favor nostalgia — with a dollop of crustiness — you'll agree. $4.95

1. Publishers' Weekly. 2. Saturday Review Syndicate.

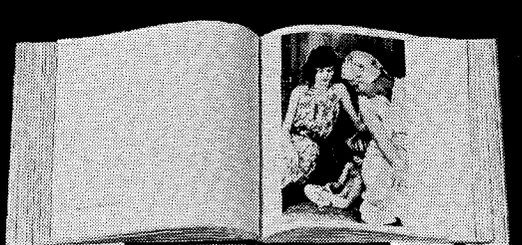
BLACK IN WHITE AMERICA

by **LEONARD FREED.** In this remarkable photo essay, Leonard Freed has produced "an eloquent testament to the diversity of the black experience. Its panoramic view begins with the roots of repression in rural, Jim Crow America and moves, as the black man himself has moved, to our large urban ghettoes. Within its sweep, the grief, joy and rage of black America are abundantly illustrated."[1]

This "deeply moving book"[2] uses a camera technique reminiscent of Henri Cartier-Bresson. And it is "one picture book in which the commentary can hold its own against the photographs."[3] Cloth, $7.95. Paper, $3.95.

1. The New York Times Book Review. 2. Publishers' Weekly. 3. Saturday Review Syndicate.

THE AMERICANS

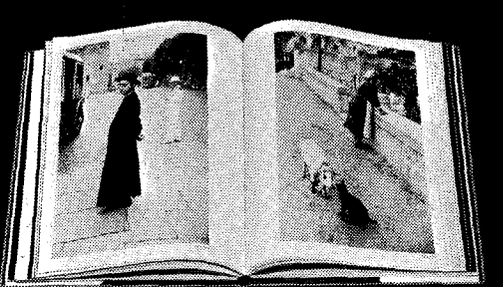


photographed by **ROBERT FRANK.** Introduction by **JACK KEROUAC.** *In eighty-three deeply moving and unconventional photographs, the face of America is now illuminated by an unusual talent.*

"That crazy feeling in America when the sun is hot on the streets and music comes out the jukebox or from a nearby funeral — that's what Robert Frank has captured in these tremendous photographs . . . The humor, the sadness, the EVERYTHING-ness and American-ness of these pictures! . . . Robert Frank sucked a sad poem right out of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world. To Robert Frank I now give this message: 'You got eyes'."
—Jack Kerouac, from his introduction. Cloth, $8.50.

THE CONCERNED PHOTOGRAPHER

Robert Capa, Dan Weiner, Andre Kertesz, David Seymour, Leonard Freed, Werner Bischof



edited by **CORNELL CAPA.** It is the world's good luck that six of this century's most creative photographers were also six of its best human beings — people who cared deeply about the ideals (and ills) of mankind.

The full measure of their concern — and their remarkable talents — are documented in this handsome volume, a collection of more than two hundred superb photographs.

Four of these great photojournalists died on the world's battle-fronts or in the world's trouble centers. All of them have combined to produce a record of human involvement that will be an enduring testament. Cloth, $10.00. Paper, $4.95.

GROSSMAN PUBLISHERS

JUN 2 1969
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED